E TENNESSEE ST UNIV
THE SHERROD LIBR
PERIODICALS LIBR
JOHNSON CITY TN

The Nation.

October 30, 1982 $1.25; U.K. 65p

EDITORIAL

INESCAPABLE SUBJECTS

The polls and the pols refer to the nuclear freeze and unemployment, but the dual specters really haunting the upcoming elections are international nuclear holocaust and domestic depression. Given their obvious importance, it may be superfluous for us to urge our readers to evaluate this fall's candidates in terms of their positions on these inescapable subjects. But we would like to draw attention to two significant races, on opposite sides of the country, which might otherwise escape notice.

We are fortunate to have in Betty Goetz Lall, the Democratic/Liberal candidate for the House in this magazine's own Congressional district, one of the nation's leading students of and workers for nuclear disarmament. We enthusiastically back her attempt to unseat the Republican incumbent, S. William Green, who characteristically has split the difference on the disarmament issue, belatedly coming out for a freeze on "strategic" nuclear weapons (excluding the Pershing 2) after voting more funds for the neutron bomb, the cruise missile and the MX missile.

Across the page, contributor Peter Schrag deals with a critical assault on civil liberties in California, but there is another underreported story in that state: the message Elizabeth Martínez, a former Books and the Arts editor of *The Nation*, is carrying to the voters as the gubernatorial candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party.

Martínez has identified as "Public Enemy Number 1" the transnational corporations whose drive for superprofits propels the arms race and destroys the global economy. Her thesis—that the militarism of the Reagan Administration and the cutbacks in social services are a direct result of its role as servant of these ungoverned conglomerates—is not original, and Elizabeth Martínez will not be the next governor of California; but the logic of her argument will be with us long after next Tuesday's election is forgotten.

UNMASKING THE PRESIDENT
Christopher Hitchens

THE 'PRISON BUSINESS' TODAY
Jessica Mitford

SANDINISTS UNDER PRESSURE
Maria Pallais

REAGAN IN SEARCH OF A GLOBAL POLICY
Gabriel Kolko

THE N.Y. FILM FESTIVAL
Veronica Geng

THE REAL ISSUE IN CALIFORNIA

THE ATTACK ON THE COURTS

PETER SCHRAG

The political news stories out of California this month deal largely with Jerry Brown's growing chances of election to the U.S. Senate, with the nuclear freeze initiative that's also on the November 2 ballot, and with whether California voters will elect Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley the nation's first black governor since Reconstruction. But beyond these issues is one far more important and disturbing: a major attack on the state's courts, its Constitution and its guarantees of civil liberties and due process.

The first phase of this attack—which got far less attention nationally than it deserved—was the passage in the June primary of Proposition 8, a sweeping revision of the state Constitution severely restricting the right to bail, permitting the use of illegally seized evidence in criminal prosecutions, sharply limiting plea bargaining and instituting other crucial changes in the state's criminal justice system. These measures not only affect civil liberties and due process but, equally important, impose so many new and often ambiguous burdens on the system that there will inevitably be new conflicts between the proposition's right-wing sponsors and the courts that are supposed to enforce it.

Now a second phase—a well-organized partisan campaign to unseat three of the state's seven Supreme Court judges—has been launched. And it has gained the support of many of the same people who pushed Proposition 8, including San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson, Brown's Republican opponent for the Senate; Attorney General George Deukmejian, the Republican gubernatorial candidate; and George Nicholson, the Republican candidate for attorney general.

The three targeted judges, all recent Brown

(*Continued on Page 432*)

ETSU LIBRARY
3
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

HERPES: 'PIDDLING' INDEED

Staten Island, N.Y.

In "Fanning the Herpes Scare" [*The Nation*, Oct. 2] Amy Wilentz does two disservices to the cause of providing accurate women's health information.

First, when she uncritically calls the Pill "the medical advance that abetted women's sexual freedom," she neglects both longstanding data and ongoing research of the most alarming sort. Since the late 1930s, when estrogen was first synthesized, researchers have suspected that sex hormones were potential carcinogens. It has been documented that the Pill is associated with breast, cervical and liver cancer and with cardiovascular disease. . . .

Second, in her conclusion, Wilentz makes an unwarranted distinction between cancer and herpes. She states, "No wonder, then, that in the midst of an epidemic of cancer, *Time* is fanning the fires of fear about something as piddling as herpes." In fact, herpes can be a precursor of cervical cancer, and its probable connection with other cancers is only now coming under investigation.

Also, in its active state in pregnant women, herpes threatens fetuses with blindness, birth defects and death, and mandates Caesarean deliveries. Hardly "piddling," herpes can be very serious, particularly as it afflicts an estimated 10 percent of the population.

While Wilentz may not share *Time*'s view of herpes as a messenger of the gods, bearing a fiat of sexual conservatism, her ill-informed conclusions in *The Nation* could be more dangerous.

Marilyn Kaggen
Stephen Fried

WILENTZ REPLIES

New York City

Hey, guys, I'm on your side. Yes, the Pill, while it certainly allowed women far greater sexual freedom than they had previously experienced, seems now to have been an insidious and untested drug, although recent studies claim that it can have cancer-preventing benefits.

Yes, herpes is or can be a serious health problem for women, although its links to cervical cancer, while alarming, are at this point merely statistical, not causal.

But that's not what I was writing about. I was writing about the underlying message that the self-appointed purveyors of culture were attempting to send in *Time*'s article. Their attitude reflects a serious bias against sex and against women.

Amy Wilentz

THE VOLGA CRUISE

Cranbury, N.J.

Permit me to comment on the letter "Up the Volga, Down The River" [*The Nation*, Sept. 4], by Aryeh Neier, vice chairman of the Helsinki Watch Committee. To begin with, let me say that I have the greatest respect and admiration for Neier, since I know him—although not personally—as the brilliant, longtime leader of the American Civil Liberties Union, of which I am a member.

I was one of the participants on the Volga Peace Cruise this summer—not the one to which Neier refers but an additional one also organized by Anniversary Tours. . . . I had and have no illusions about the regrettable status of civil rights and civil liberties in the Soviet Union, and therefore Neier's revelation about another deplorable case of suppression is not really news. Certainly people must object to such suppression, and as a member of Amnesty International I have written many letters to Soviet officials in behalf of prisoners of conscience. However, I must disagree with Neier's appraisal of the value of this or any other peace mission to the U.S.S.R. Neier is "skeptical" that it promoted peace.

When a relatively large group of Americans goes to the Soviet Union (paying the great expense of such a trip themselves) to try to convince the Soviet people of the peace-mindedness of the United States—that is impressive, and I believe our trip was. Our tour, as well as the following peace cruise, also probably benefited from the mass rallies for peace in New York City. . . .

We on the cruise were pleased to see that the Soviet people constantly remind themselves and their children of the horrors of war. That's something we do much too little here, where one can even read statements that "a nuclear war is winnable." (How about putting authors of such statements into an insane asylum?)

Another good thing happened on our peace cruise. During more than a week on the beautiful Volga, regular discussions took place. One could also talk privately with the U.S. and Soviet representatives who led the discussions. . . . There was no limitation on subjects for discussion, and the issue of freedom of expression and restrictions of civil rights was raised. I myself did so a couple of times. The Soviet representatives did their best to "explain," but of course had to finish with some embarrassment. However, this was not the purpose of our "mission." It was and is my position that the main purpose of rational people is to avoid the nuclear catastrophe to which the insane arms race may eventually lead.

I believe that an improvement in the Russians' attitude toward freedom and liberty is bound to come, but only after their paranoiac fear of another destructive war from the West (or East) has been set to rest. (They have not forgotten that "the capitalists" tried to abort their young revolution with interventionist armies.) Their actions against any criticism or protest is simply FEAR, F-E-A-R.

Felix Spielman

DISRESPECTFUL TOURISTS

New York City

In a letter in the September 11 *Nation*, Judith Long and Carole Kraemer write that "contacting Soviet dissidents . . . aside from being disrespectful of the hospitality of the Soviet government to a large group of tourists, undermine[s] the objectives of a peace tour, confirming the longstanding Soviet fear of outside meddling, particularly American meddling." I take it, therefore, that Long and Kraemer would also consider it disrespectful to contact opponents of apartheid if they visited South Africa or to contact the mothers of the disappeared if they visited Argentina. . . .

In a letter in the September 18 *Nation*, Richard Deats and Kraemer say that the founder of the independent peace group in Moscow, Sergei Batovrin, was confined in a mental hospital to prevent him from holding an art show protesting nuclear weapons. What prompts them to assert this with such certainty? I had previously written ["Letters," *The Nation*, Sept. 4] that it was speculation that Batovrin was confined to keep him from meeting participants in the tour in which Deats, Kraemer and Long participated. Thereafter, I learned that some people in Moscow speculated that the art show was the actual reason. They also speculated that the significance of the date he was confined—August 6—was not that it was the day the peace tourists were to arrive in Moscow but rather that it was the anniversary of the destruction of Hiroshima, when the art show was to open. I have no way of knowing which guess is right and, I suggest, unless Deats and Kraemer have inside information from the Soviet officials responsible, neither do they.

What I am certain of is that Soviet officials are sensitive to the views of peace activists in the West. The fact that many prominent Western scientists committed to disarmament spoke up for Batovrin and that leaders of a number of U.S. peace groups demonstrated in his behalf before the Soviet mission to the United Nations [editorial, "Fair Exchanges," *The Nation*, Sept. 11] most likely contributed to Batovrin's release following the completion of the Volga tour.

Moreover, I hold to the view that if participants in such tours always insisted on contacting the likes of Sergei Batovrin—disrespectful of the Soviet government as that may be—fewer independent peace activists and other dissenters in the Soviet Union would be confined in mental hospitals or labor camps. That seems to me a good enough reason to demonstrate disrespect.

Aryeh Neier

We received many letters in the debate on the value of the Volga peace cruises. We regret that, for space reasons, we cannot publish more of them. —*The Editors*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 235, Number 14

LETTERS
418

EDITORIALS
417 Inescapable Subjects
419 The Screw Tightens
420 An Uneasy Peace — *Cynthia Arnson*
421 "War, the Blood-Swollen God"
422 *Minority Report* — *Christopher Hitchens*
423 *Uncivil Liberties* — *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES
417 The Real Issue in California: The Attack on the Courts — *Peter Schrag*
424 A "Change for the Worse": An Update on the "Prison Business" — *Jessica Mitford*
426 A Report From Managua: The Sandinists Under Pressure — *Maria Pallais*
430 Crises to the Right of Us . . .: Reagan in Search of a Global Policy — *Gabriel Kolko*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
435 Steamboats and Shooting Stars — *Veronica Geng*
438 Just: In the City of Fear
Doolittle: The Bombing Officer
Chaplin: Joyride — *Arnold Klein*
440 Gaville (poem) — *Susan Stewart*
441 Beattie: The Burning House: Short Stories — *Daniel Zitin*
442 Word Game No. 437 — *Randy Cohen*
442 Theater — *Richard Gilman*

Drawings by Bill Logan

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Kirkpatrick Sale; *Associate Editors,* Kai Bird, Janet Gold *(Copy)*; *Assistant Editor,* Eric Etheridge; *Literary Editor,* Katha Pollitt; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Elena Brunet; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Judith Long, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Editorial Secretary,* Ola Lyon; *Interns,* Valerie Brown, Eric Friedman, Jon Gacioch, Michele Galen, Susan Milligan, Christopher Policano, Elise Urrutia. *On leave,* Barbara Dudley Davis, Richard Lingeman, Robert Sherrill.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Manager,* Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Subscription Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Customer Service,* Jonathan Sylbert; *Classified,* Virginia Cannon; *Director of Development and Publicity,* Laurie Lipper; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1982 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $35; two years, $65; six months, $17.50. Add $7 per year postage Canada, Mexico; $13 per year other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days of publication date; back issues available $3 prepaid ($4 foreign). **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

EDITORIALS.

The Screw Tightens

The demonstrations in Poland on August 31—in which, underground sources report, more than 600,000 people participated, largely the educated and skilled who are the backbone of both Solidarity and the economy—signaled that the Polish populace was not going to lie down and play dead before the military regime. Official statements naturally claimed that the street actions were small and sporadic and the work of foreign subversives, but in fact the government took them seriously: within weeks it arrested several members of KOR, the main dissident group in Poland, and made Solidarity permanently illegal.

Four Solidarity intellectuals have been charged with attempting to overthrow the government and most likely will receive lengthy prison terms. The four are Jacek Kuron, a leading militant in KOR [see his " 'We Must Move to Resistance,' " *The Nation*, May 8]; Adam Michnik, a historian and longtime activist; Henryk Wujec, an elected official of the Warsaw branch of the union; and Jan Litynski, former editor of *Robotnik* (*Worker*), a principal publication of the democratic opposition during the late 1970s. In addition, Jan Jozef Lipski, a literary critic, was arrested at the Warsaw airport after returning from London.

The arrests of these five, no doubt to be followed by others, do not indicate that the government is planning to bring charges against Lech Walesa or other Solidarity leaders—not even the hard-line radicals. The Jaruzelski position seems to be that the union militants can be dealt with best by isolating them and keeping them out of any future union, but the intellectuals have to be taken on directly because they played such a crucial part in organizing sup-

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee
OCT 2 9 1982

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

port for Solidarity—and because the regime needs scapegoats who are not prominent public figures.

Such a strategy, of course, is standard Eastern European stuff: the poor worker led into rebellion by antisocialist dissidents who are actually agents of the West. We can be sure the new union that the government intends to establish will allow no such riffraff.

The debate going on right now in the underground cells of Solidarity is over how to respond to the government's proposed union. Zbigniew Bujak, head of Solidarity in Warsaw and acting national coordinator since martial law was declared last year, has always taken a "legitimization" line and today argues that Solidarity members should join the new union and win control of it from the inside. The counterargument, now gaining considerable support, is that this would play into the regime's hands and undermine the ideals of Solidarity.

The violence we have seen in Poland in these past few weeks is likely to be repeated as the economy limps on and several political anniversaries fall due through the winter. It is difficult to imagine what Jaruzelski thinks he is doing with this long and increasingly vicious period of repression, since it only seems to be laying the groundwork for future upheavals on a scale far greater. By continuing to ignore the simple and legitimate aspirations of the Polish citizenry, he is bringing the day closer when he will be forced to call on the military support of the Soviet Union, an eventuality even he cannot desire.

An Uneasy Peace

On August 31, Honduran Army Col. Leónidas Torres Arias went public with some startling accusations. From exile in Mexico the former head of military intelligence in Honduras charged the commander of the Honduran Army, Gen. Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, with "leading Honduras into an abyss of internal destruction," and "embarking on a criminal and bloody campaign" against "a neighboring country." Alvarez has plans, said Torres Arias, "for the physical extermination of all opposition" within Honduras and for "carrying out an international military adventure of incalculable consequences for the nation."

Torres Arias's dramatic charges were recently given some support in Washington. According to a senior U.S. official, in late July Honduran intelligence got wind of a Nicaraguan plan to attack border camps in Honduras that the Nicaraguans allege are home to anti-Sandinist rebels. In order to forestall the attack, Alvarez began moves to involve Honduran troops in strikes against Nicaragua. Only frantic telephone calls from top U.S. officials convinced Alvarez to back down.

Craig Johnstone, the director of the State Department's Office of Central American and Panamanian Affairs, has refused to confirm this account for the record. "In my judgment, it is highly unlikely that that would actually ever occur," he said.

According to the August 22 *Baltimore Sun*, however, "a State Department official familiar with the area said two weeks ago that the Hondurans were preparing to step up their military activity along the Nicaraguan border, including giving ground support to former Somoza supporters who wanted to perform hit-and-run operations in Nicaragua. The official, who asked not to be named, said the State Department warned the Hondurans not to take 'rash actions' that could lead to war."

General Alvarez has been a key U.S. ally in the policy of "drawing the line against communism" in Central America. Under his direction, the Honduran Army has turned a blind eye to the Somocistas' use of Honduras as a base of operations, and according to reliable reports from international relief workers in the border zone, Honduran officers are actively supporting the exile groups.

The close call in July, however, demonstrated that Alvarez may have become too trigger-happy for Washington. One senior Honduran officer went so far as to claim that the United States was behind Torres Arias's accusations. But Torres Arias insists that he was motivated only by a concern for his country.

Last March it was widely reported that President Reagan had approved a $19 million covert action plan to "destabilize" Nicaragua. One part of that plan, it was said, involves the training and support of paramilitary forces in Honduras for military operations against the Sandinist government. U.S. officials have refused to confirm or deny the destabilization plan, but it is acknowledged that there are anti-Sandinist refugees along the border.

Honduran officers refuse to comment on the use of their territory by Somocista groups. "I don't know if these bands exist," said a senior officer recently. "But it is very difficult to control the border, which is mountainous and wooded and very rugged." According to a State Department official, "the ability of the government of Honduras to exercise control of the frontier is very limited."

The hands-off attitude of the Honduran Army appears to stem from fears of a revolutionary nation on its borders. Officers cite—as does the Reagan Administration—Nicaragua's arms buildup, its support of terrorism in El Salvador and Honduras and its acceptance of Cuban advisers as threats to their country's stability. A core group of officers seems to have concluded that peaceful coexistence with the Sandinists is impossible. "We cannot come to an understanding," said a senior military aide, "with the kind of Marxist-Leninist government they are trying to create. We must be patient and look for an internal solution in Nicaragua, so that there is no need for a war. But if political, diplomatic and economic efforts fail, that is, if Nicaragua does not respond to 'massage,' we would be prepared to cross the frontier."

Rhetoric aside, the Honduran Army as a whole has done little to show that it is raring for a war with Nicaragua. A confidant of Alvarez's has said: "There is not the desire that existed before to go to war." But by allowing Somocistas to use Honduran territory, the army may be playing with fire. The exiles claim to be "preparing something big these days" and are making macho statements about returning to Mana-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gua by December. And Sandinist leader Daniel Ortega Saavedra, according to *Business Week* (September 13), has threatened to cross the Honduran border "to take out [the Somocistas] with surgical precision." A war may be building no matter what the Honduran officers want.

So far the fear that whoever strikes first will lose the war—because world opinion would be almost certain to force international action of some sort against the aggressor—has helped to maintain an uneasy peace. But the margin for error, miscalculation and impatience is huge. "The real danger," said one Honduran coffee farmer, "is that war would break out without anyone knowing how it really got started." That would mean a prolonged conflict that might eventually involve a number of Central American nations, "and that would spell disaster for the region."

CYNTHIA ARNSON

Cynthia Arnson, a regular contributor to The Nation*'s "Central America Watch," recently returned from a trip to Honduras and Nicaragua.*

'War, the Blood-Swollen God'

The indefatigable Ruth Leger Sivard, who has put out a series on *World Military and Social Expenditures* over the last eight years, has just published her 1982 edition. In it, rather unobtrusively, she presents the startling figures reproduced in the chart below.

The story they tell should sober the most bellicose hawk. Since 1960, just counting hostilities in which more than 1,000 people died, there have been no fewer than sixty-five wars accounting for the deaths, at a conservative estimate, of more than 10.7 million people. These wars have been fought on the territory of forty-nine countries, representing approximately two-thirds of the world's population and two-fifths of its land area.

These statistics, interestingly enough, were compiled not by the governments that produced this slaughter but largely by private organizations and scholars such as William Eckhardt of the Peace Research Laboratory in St. Louis. They are incomplete, Sivard notes, particularly with regard to civilian deaths, since governments often make no effort to calculate those figures.

Ten million humans: could any mere political ends justify the obliteration of those lives?

			Number of Deaths		
Location	Years	Intervention/Invasion	Civilian	Battle	Total
Latin America					
1 Argentina	1975-79		na	na	7,000
2 Brazil	1980		na	na	1,000
3 Chile	1973		na	na	10,000
4 Dominican Rep.	1965	US	na	3,000	(3,000)
5 El Salvador	1976-		25,000	20,000	45,000
6 Falkland Is.	1982	UK; Argentina	na	1,000	1,000
7 Guatemala	1967		24,000	1,000	25,000
8 Honduras	1969	El Salvador	na	2,000	(2,000)
9 Jamaica	1980		na	na	1,000
10 Nicaragua	1977-79		15,000	35,000	50,000
Europe					
11 N. Ireland	1969-	UK	na	na	2,000
12 Turkey	1977-		na	na	5,000
Middle East					
13 Cyprus	1963-67	UN 64-	na	na	na
13 Cyprus	1973-79	Greece 74-75; Turkey 74-	3,000	2,000	5,000
14 Egypt	1967-70	Arab League; Israel	59,000	16,000	75,000
15 Iran	1978-	Iraq 80-82	na	na	14,000
16 Iraq	1961-75	Iran 61-67, 70-74	na	na	105,000
16 Iraq	1982	Iran	na	na	20,000
17 Israel	1973	Arab League; Egypt	na	17,000	(17,000)
18 Jordan	1970	Syria	na	2,000	(2,000)
19 Lebanon	1972-	Syria 76-; UN 78-	29,000	51,000	80,000
19 Lebanon	1982	Israel	9,000	1,000	10,000
20 Syria	1982		20,000	na	(20,000)
21 Yemen, AR	1962-69	Egypt	5,000	10,000	15,000
South Asia					
22 Afghanistan	1979-	USSR	90,000	10,000	100,000
23 Bangladesh	1971	India	1,200,000	300,000	1,500,000
24 India	1962	China	1,000	1,000	2,000
25 Pakistan	1965-71	China 65; India	13,000	18,000	31,000
26 Sri Lanka	1971		na	2,000	(2,000)
Far East					
27 Burma	1980		na	na	5,000
28 Cambodia	1969-73	US 69-73; North Vietnam 70-73	150,000	156,000	306,000
28 Cambodia	1975-78		2,000,000	na	(2,000,000)
28 Cambodia	1978-	Vietnam	na	3,000	(3,000)
29 China	1965-69		na	50,000	(50,000)
30 Indonesia	1965-66	China 65	na	na	500,000
30 Indonesia	1975-77		290,000	10,000	300,000
31 Laos	1960-73	US 61-73; North Vietnam 65-73	50,000	24,000	74,000
32 Philippines	1972-80		30,000	30,000	60,000
33 South Vietnam	1960-75	US 61-73; North Vietnam 65-75	500,000	1,500,000	2,000,000
33 North Vietnam	1964-73	US 64-67, 70-73	50,000	na	(50,000)
33 Vietnam	1979	China	9,000	21,000	30,000
Africa					
34 Algeria	1960-63	France 60-62	28,000	1,000	29,000
35 Angola	1961-	Portugal 61-75; Cuba 76-78; South Africa 76-	48,000	7,000	55,000
36 Burundi	1972-73		50,000	50,000	100,000
37 Chad	1968-81	France 68-70, 78-79; Libya 71-81	na	na	3,000
38 Ethiopia-Ogaden	1961-	Cuba 77-78; Somalia 61-	10,000	15,000	25,000
38 Ethiopia-Eritrea	1962-	Cuba 78	na	30,000	(30,000)
39 Ghana	1981		na	na	1,000
40 Guinea-Bissau	1962-74	Portugal	na	na	15,000
41 Mozambique	1964-75	Portugal	na	na	30,000
42 Nigeria	1967-70, 81		1,000,000	1,000,000	2,000,000
43 Rwanda	1960-65		62,000	3,000	65,000
44 Sudan	1960-72		450,000	250,000	700,000
45 Tanzania	1978-79	Libya; Uganda	na	17,000	(17,000)
46 Uganda	1966		na	2,000	(2,000)
47 West Sahara	1975-	Morocco; Mauritania 75-79	na	na	1,000
48 Zaire	1960-66	Belgium 60; UN 60-64; UK 64; Sudan 65	10,000	100,000	110,000
48 Zaire	1978	France	na	na	na
49 Zimbabwe	1965-79	Zambia 77	13,000	12,000	25,000

(Note: A figure in parentheses indicates that an estimate applies only to battle or civilian deaths and is therefore incomplete.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Everybody, presumably, has their favorite and lasting impression of the President. As he approaches the middle of his term, some prefer to recall him wisecracking bravely with the nurses on The Day of the Hinckley. Others speak fondly of his relaxed schedule, his unpunishing routine. Still others treasure his many endearing blunders and falsehoods at press conferences. On every hand, you can hear praise for the way in which he rises above the wreckage of his policies, apparently unscathed. Say what you like, runs the common opinion, but he's a regular fellow and he's doing his best. The Republican TV spots in this campaign, which feature various wizened citizens asking us for gosh sakes to give him a chance, are nicely judged to exploit this generous impulse in the breast of the American public.

From my Washington garret, I have observed all this and wish to state as follows.

Two things happened in the last month that have made me unable to think about the President in this indulgent fashion anymore. The first was his miniconfrontation with Gary Allen, the second his "aside" about the American peace movement.

Gary Allen is a Birchite whacko running for office in California. He's not markedly different from many other Reaganite Republicans. But when, at a gathering of loyal candidates, he presumed to criticize the Reagan record thus far, he was told to put a sock in it. This performance—and the toadying response of the press ("'SHUT UP,' QUIPS REAGAN")—has curdled my feeling of reverence for Ronnie. *That* was the best he could do with an unscripted question at a gathering of like-minded colleagues. What a reflection.

A day or two later, he grinningly accused the freeze campaigners of being Soviet agents or Soviet dupes. It was done in his usual likable fashion—the broad brushstroke, the friendly tones, the impromptu value judgment. Except that in this case, the broad brush left a venomous smear.

You can see it sometimes at press conferences when he doesn't like (or doesn't grasp) a question. The ever-ready grin begins to congeal, and the eyes narrow in a nasty way. There is a thuggish streak in the President, a streak we will be seeing more of as times get harder.

It shows already in his choice of friends and ministers. People talk as if Reagan were somehow not responsible for his government. Political analysts, pollsters and other wiseacres speak of him as if he had some cloak of invulnerability that protected him from his own policies and his own colleagues. Who do they think originated those policies? Who do they imagine gave jobs to Watt, Donovan, Block, Clark, Gorsuch and all the other nuts and dolts? If America is rearming into bankruptcy, if the air and water are being befouled, if other countries are cringing from the American embrace, it is the President who is responsible. Reagan's the one.

Consider, for a moment, his light touch on the international scene. He has offended the Israelis without pleasing the already highly offended Arabs. He has infuriated Taiwan without conciliating China. He has cheated and angered Western Europe without helping Eastern Europe. He has poisoned relations with Central America. He has even outraged the Canadians. And all this in just two dynamic years. If you look on the credit side (warmer relations with Marcos, Suharto and Botha), you get the same point in a different way.

At home, the President takes the view that all the bad news is an act of God or of Jimmy Carter, and all the good news is his own responsibility. In practice, he does not like to leave things to such random chance. By letting Gorsuch lift pollution regulations in California, and by offering massive bribes to the grain farmers who feed the Soviet Union, he demonstrates a deft sense of the short-term opportunist maneuver. His claim to have personally sponsored the bull fever on Wall Street is really an admission that his original monetary policy has failed. Supply-side never even got started. Never mind. The Great Communicator will rise above this too.

Or take the Constitution. Reagan looks upon it as a document of almost infinite elasticity. Together with his appalling friends, he has made several attempts to cut it and shape it as may suit his immediate purpose. Thus, while a simple amendment specifying the equality of women is inconceivable, a ludicrous and superstitious amendment promising a balanced budget is not. Nor is it any thanks to the President that various measures designed to annul the spirit of the Constitution have been defeated. On prayer in school, for instance, those who would tie the hands of the Supreme Court in the future had their hands freed by Reagan in the present. What might he not do if given a free hand himself in the legislature?

Reagan came to power talking out of both sides of his mouth. He promises less government and more liberty whenever he has an audience of people who fancy themselves as entrepreneurs, people who feel that money can be made only if laws are bent or regulations made "flexible." And he threatens less liberty and more government to all those who desire personal freedom or sexual tolerance.

This is not the paradox that many liberals suppose it to be. It's perfectly natural, indeed automatic, for people like the President to demand freedom for speculation, strict control of personal morals and heavy taxation only for the benefit of the military establishment. What the "paradox" ignores in any case is the large category of Americans for whom the President doesn't care at all—the accumulating underclass who are made neither slave nor free by his policies, but are simply neglected and forgotten.

But the time will obviously come when the patient and decent electorate begins to weary of the President's alternate unctuousness and bullying. His evasions and innuendoes can only postpone the realization. It was a mistake to elect this glorified Babbitt in the first place. After two years the verdict is in. Ronald Reagan is doing to the country what he can no longer do to his wife.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

"You must get over this," my wife said. "It's misplaced sympathy."

I couldn't get over it. The minute I saw *Forbes* magazine's list of the four hundred richest people in the United States, my heart went out to the person who was four hundred and first.

"He's nothing but some rich creep," my wife said.

"Creeps have feelings too," I said. The phrase she had used suddenly conjured up a picture of the poor soul I was worrying about: Rich Creep, the Manhattan megadeal cutter and man about town. He lives in the Carlyle. He dates models. He eats breakfast at the Regency, where deals are made so quickly that a careless conglomerateur could find himself swallowing up a middle-sized corporation while under the impression that he was just mopping up his egg yolk with the end of a croissant. He dines every night at places like La Caravelle and Le Cirque. "Bon soir, Monsieur Cripp," the headwaiter says when Creep walks in with an icily beautiful fashion model who weighs eighty-eight pounds, twelve of which are in cheekbones. "If I may make a suggestion, the overpriced veal is excellent tonight."

On the way to breakfast one morning, Creep happens to see the cover of *Forbes* at the Carlyle newsstand. "The Richest People in America," the headline says. "The *Forbes* Four Hundred." He snatches the magazine from the rack and, standing right in the lobby, he starts going through the list—at first methodically and then desperately. Finally, he turns and slinks back to his room. He can't face the crowd at the Regency. They'd pretend nothing has changed, but then they'd start trying to find some smaller corporation for him to swallow up—the way a nanny might sort through the picnic basket to find the smallest piece of white meat for the least adventurous child. He cancels his dinner date for that evening. He's afraid he might be given a cramped table near the kitchen, where the draft from the swinging doors could blow the fashion model into the dessert cart. He's afraid that the same French waiters who once hovered over him attentively while he ate ("Is your squab done expensively enough, Monsieur Cripp?") will glance in his direction and whisper to each other "les petites pommes de terre"—small potatoes.

"People are beginning to talk about how often you express sympathy for rich people," my wife said.

That may be true. When everyone else was looking among the impoverished for what Reagan meant by "truly needy," I called attention to the plight of Philip Caldwell, the chairman of the Ford Motor Company, who was denied an incentive bonus two years in a row even though I have every reason to believe that he was going flat out the whole time. When the Reagan nominee for chairman of the synfuels corporation, a lawyer from Greenwich, Connecticut, said that the proposed salary of $150,000 was so far below a living wage that he might be forced to move out of Greenwich, I tried to bring to the world's attention what a sad spectacle it would be if everyone who made less than $150,000 a year had to leave Greenwich, moving west in a caravan of station wagons like a preppy *Grapes of Wrath*.

"I suppose you're going to say, 'The rich are different from you and me,'" my wife said.

She was referring, of course, to that famous exchange between two great American literary figures—when Zane Grey said to Will Rogers, "The rich are different from you and me" and Rogers replied, "Yes, they don't wear cowboy boots." Was it when rich people began wearing cowboy boots that I included them in my concerns? No, it was long before that. It was when *Fortune* first published its list of the five hundred largest corporations in America. My heart went out immediately to the corporation that was five hundred and first.

Of course, I had no way of knowing its name—that tragic anonymity was the basis for my sympathy—but I always thought of it as Humboldt Bolt & Tube. I felt for the folks at Humboldt Bolt & Tube. I could see them giving their all to build their corporation into one of the largest corporations in America—busting unions, cutting corners on safety specifications, bribing foreign heads of state, slithering out of expensive pollution-control regulations—only to remain unrecognized year after year.

As the Fortune 500 became an institution in American life, I often pictured the scene at the Humboldt Country Club in Humboldt, Ohio, when an important visitor from Wall Street asks casually over drinks, "Do you have any Fortune 500 companies in Humboldt?"

For a moment, no one speaks. The "old man," as everyone in Humboldt calls Harrison H. Humboldt, the son of Bolt & Tube's founder, looks out at the eighteenth green, the hint of a tear in his eye. Finally, someone says, "No, but we've got the third largest granite pit east of the Mississippi."

"You simply can't take this on while you still insist on worrying about that silly bolt company," my wife said.

It's true that my feelings about the folks at Humboldt remain intense—particularly just after the Fortune 500 list comes out each year. I can see old Harrison H. Humboldt sitting in his office, looking disconsolate. Just missed again. Has it all been worth it? His son is a cipher who keeps talking about "input." The line workers whose fathers used to call him H.H. are a bunch of Bolshevik hippies. His grandson answered the most recent inquiry about what he intended to make of his life by saying, "I'm into cocaine, Gramps, and the rock zither." A trusted aide says, "Cheer up, H.H. You're one of the richest men in the country."

But is he? I grabbed *Forbes* from the coffee table, and raced through the list. Harrison H. Humboldt's name was not there. Parvenu oilmen were there. New York real estate sharks were there. Coca-Cola bottlers were there. But not Harrison H. Humboldt. Just missed again.

"You have to forget about this creep," my wife said.

"You're right," I said. "I don't think Creep even deserves to be listed. Compared to a man like Harrison H. Humboldt, he's small potatoes."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

A 'CHANGE FOR THE WORSE'

An Update on the 'Prison Business'

JESSICA MITFORD

Ten years ago, when I was researching my book *Kind & Usual Punishment: The Prison Business*, there was a spate of litigation for prisoners' rights. In those days, the courts seemed to be at least one avenue of redress. At its height, in the early 1970s, the "prison movement" (as it was known) attracted the *pro bono* services of lawyers around the country; the American Civil Liberties Union and the NAACP Legal Defense Fund devoted much energy to this cause.

For the first time in the dismal history of prisons, these lawyers succeeded in breaking through the intransigence of prison administrators and the reluctance of courts to look behind prison walls. Important victories were won in the area of due process for prisoners; some of these were eventually wiped out by the Supreme Court, some still stand.

But on the whole, despite these efforts, from the point of view of the man or woman in the prison cell, life has, if anything, changed drastically for the worse.

For an overview of the prison scene then and now, I consulted William B. Turner, for some years the Northern California counsel for the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, in which capacity he represented scores of prisoners. "You are right in thinking that there is no 'prison movement' anymore," he said. He has come to the disheartening conclusion that a principal outcome of judicial decisions in favor of prisoner-litigants is "a vast increase in the bureaucratization of the prison, so that it now behaves much more like other unresponsive government bureaucracies. Prison officials are now engulfed in paper work, helping them to 'build a record' and defend themselves in lawsuits brought by convicts. But one can question whether anything of substance has changed."

Michael Satris, directing attorney of the Prison Law Office at San Quentin, spends his full time on prison litigation. As he describes it, it's like running on a treadmill to stay in place: "It seems to me that whereas in the old days litigation was being used to extend prisoners' rights and *change* the status quo, much of the litigation now is aimed at simply *preserving* the status quo."

Both he and Bill Turner pointed to drastic overcrowding as the overriding horror now endured by California inmates. "The point is," said Turner, "that the crowding undermines the modest reforms obtained in the early seventies by swamping the system's ability to deliver basic services, like medical care and personal safety. Who cares if you can send an uncensored letter to your mom if you have to ask your 300-pound cellmate for permission to turn on the light to write it?"

Judicial redress in this area seems unlikely since the Supreme Court has ruled that overcrowding per se is not cruel and unusual punishment—although in a dissenting opinion Justice Thurgood Marshall pointed out that double-celled inmates are confined year after year in a space, as he put it, "20 to 24 square feet, about the size of a typical door." (He was describing, by the way, a brand-new prison in Lucasville, Ohio—one that I saw under construction in 1971. It was to be a dream prison: a whimsical decorator had painted the cells in soft pastel shades of baby blue, rose pink, light green. It is today filled to 38 percent over capacity.)

It is sentencing policies, at least in California, which have led to today's crisis. A review of California's recent history is instructive for other states as well.

In the early 1970s, the chief programmatic and legislative goal of the prison movement was the abolition of the indeterminate sentence. This was also the main thrust of my book. The indeterminate sentence was originally conceived of as a reform measure in which the authorities looked not at the crime but at the perpetrator, whose performance in prison would be judged by a parole board and whose time to be served set accordingly. In California, a pioneer of the indeterminate sentence, the range was enormous: for burglary, depending on degree, it extended from less than one year to life; for assault with a deadly weapon, from five years to life.

It was a form of excruciating psychological torture for the prisoners, who never knew from one year to the next if they would be paroled. Under the supposedly humane indeterminate sentence, time served in California rose to the highest in the nation.

In the mid-1970s prisoner-support groups, after round-the-clock meetings with concerned liberals in the state legislature, finally succeeded in toppling the hated indeterminate sentence. It was a moment of optimism.

The reform seemed fruitful, as far as it went. The ridiculous rhetoric about "rehabilitation" as a goal of prison, which had long been just a sour joke, was replaced by the frank acknowledgment that prison is punishment. The injustice of indeterminacy, in which discretion as to time served was in effect handed over to the prison authorities—a parole date could be indefinitely postponed if a prisoner looked cross-eyed at a guard—was replaced by the certainty of definite sentences.

The new determinate sentences permitted little judicial discretion. For example, burglary would carry a three-year sentence that the judge could modify to two years for a first offender or four years for a multiple offender. While no-

Jessica Mitford is the author of A Fine Old Conflict *and* Poison Penmanship *(both Alfred A. Knopf). This article was adapted from a recent speech at the California State Bar's annual dinner of California women lawyers.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

body was happy about the length of these sentences, the statute itself was hailed as a victory for more evenhanded justice, based as it was on an agreement between legislators and advocates of prisoners' rights.

This statute was soon undermined by Jerry Brown's capitulation to primal screams from prosecutors, police and the right wing of the legislature.

According to Jim Smith, a lawyer who participated in the agreement, Governor Brown was "very deferential to the law-and-order crowd. Longer prison terms were decreed before the ink was dry on the original bill. It's grown to insane proportions—our agreement was turned on its head. For example, in 1976 there were only about seventy prisoners sentenced to 'life without possibility of parole.' Today, there are well over a thousand in that status. The Brown administration is totally responsible. They know crime can't be solved by long prison sentences. They caved in to political pressure."

And Mike Snedeker, another participant: "None of the legislators had an ounce of backbone. I'm amazed at Governor Brown—today there are thousands more serving long, long terms in state prison. His policies have proved to be far more repressive than Reagan's when he was governor. It's ironic that Governor Brown and the legislature are now taking the heat for being soft on crime. They're in a neck-and-neck race with their right-wing opponents, trying to prove their toughness."

In this area, it seems, Big is Beautiful; in his senatorial campaign, Jerry Brown actually brags that he has doubled the rate of state prison commitments during his two terms. In Bill Turner's view, Brown's pronouncements on crime and criminal justice are "the worst aspects of his tenure in office—while, paradoxically, his judicial appointments have been excellent."

It is against this background that one must look at the latest (and also the oldest) panacea being offered in California, as in many other states: namely, more money for more prisons. Last June the voters in California approved Proposition 1, a measure to provide $495 million for prison construction. (The figure reminds me of those bargain-basement prices: "Only $4.95," which is supposed to sound cheaper than $5—or in this case half a billion dollars.)

What will those millions buy? In the early 1970s I discovered, through an examination of the California Department of Corrections budget, that it cost as much to keep a man in San Quentin for a year as it would to send him to Harvard, then about $5,000. By 1982 the cost of both had risen drastically, but the equation remains surprisingly constant: today, it's roughly $13,000 for a year in San Quentin or at Harvard. Take your choice. (My proposal for exchange scholarships between these venerable institutions has thus far fallen on deaf ears.)

Earlier this year Samuel L. Williams, then president of the State Bar of California, delivered an eloquent address entitled "California Prisons: A New Approach is Needed," in which he gave a rationale for more prisons.

He cited horrendous figures. In one year, 1980 to 1981, the number of people imprisoned in the United States rose by 12.1 percent. In the same year, the number imprisoned in California rose by 19 percent. Over the past ten years, 234 California inmates and staff have died in prison homicides.

He pulled out all the stops in describing the hideous consequences of massive overcrowding: the dangerously substandard medical care, the rats, cockroaches and vermin in the cell blocks and kitchens, the virtual abandonment of any pretense of supplying vocational and educational programs.

"In short," he said, "prison is an existence spent in suspension, squalor and fear."

He called for the legislature to reconsider long prison sentences, for "a fundamental re-evaluation of our penal practices and growing reliance on prisons as a response to criminal conduct" and for "immediate formation of a governor's task force on the prisons."

Where have I read all this before? It is paraphrased in every Presidential crime commission report, in every well-intentioned liberal's treatise on the evil of prison. But the punch line in all of these is: "We need more money for more

DRAWINGS BY BILL LOGAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prisons." Thus Samuel Williams: "I supported Proposition 1 because I believe that the current state of our prisons is a disgrace."

The State Bar Board of Governors unanimously went along with this curious reasoning, endorsing Proposition 1, decrying prison conditions and saying that "a massive infusion of dollars is needed."

A dissenting voice was heard (but only after the endorsement) from the Standing Committee on Legal Services for Prisoners—perhaps the only official group within the State Bar with day-to-day experience in the prison world. The committee wrote with restrained fury about its "dissatisfaction with the premature vote on this question. . . . We were surprised at the obviously rushed approval process which bypassed other interested sections and committees of the State Bar."

Had it been consulted, the legal services committee would have pointed out that "building more institutions may simply mean incarcerating an even greater share of the population. . . . All of the evidence makes it appear that new prisons will in fact *not* relieve overcrowding and will *not* create more humane conditions for prisoners." It cited a report, prepared for the Justice Department by ABT Associates in Boston, "which gathered data on every new prison opened in the U.S. between 1955 and 1976. . . . New prisons generally reached rated capacity by only the second year after opening." It concluded with the recommendation that the Board of Governors reconsider its endorsement and adopt a resolution "opposing the facile solution that new prison construction is an adequate solution to overcrowding." The board did not.

The question of what can be done to prevent crime has been debated not just for decades but for centuries.

This brings to mind a *New Yorker* cartoon in which two cavemen are discussing how to prevent pregnancy. "But how can we prevent it, since we don't know what causes it?" says one of them.

It has become a hoary axiom, repeated since prisons were invented a couple hundred years ago, that "prisons are a failure, they don't improve people, they are schools for crime." It is a dictum that has been said with depressing regularity by at least the last five Presidents of the United States and their attorneys general.

Thus Samuel Williams writes, "Prisons are a breeding ground for crime." Yet, says he in the next breath, "I supported Proposition 1 because I believe that the current state of our prisons is a disgrace."

What about *The New Yorker*'s cavemen, who don't want any further breeding—let alone a special "breeding ground"? I visualize one saying to the other, "Hey! How about those new fertility pills people are talking about?" The other answers, "Those don't *prevent* pregnancy, you dummy, they *increase* it."

"So what?" says the first caveman. "We've got to take *some* action to show we're up-to-date on the problem."

Perhaps it was in the spirit of these well-intentioned troglodytes that in this election year politicians around the country, like the California State Bar governors, are advocating bigger—if not better—prisons. □

A REPORT FROM MANAGUA

The Sandinists Under Pressure

MARIA PALLAIS

My first visit to Nicaragua since the overthrow of Anastasio Somoza, my uncle, was three years ago, shortly after the victory of the Sandinists. I went to attend the funeral of my brother Marcel, at the age of 24 a Sandinist militant like most of his peers and in spite of his family origins: nothing unusual in Nicaragua. His death has never been fully clarified. The Sandinists claim he was killed by someone who believed he had betrayed his class; the Somocistas argue his murder was masterminded by the Sandinists because he was Somoza's nephew.

This summer I returned, and I was confronted with news of other murders and many more questions begging for answers.

My arrival in Managua coincided with the celebration of the Sandinist revolution's third anniversary. Despite the slogans, the omnipresent revolutionary messages and the posters everywhere, it was obvious that the infatuation with the Sandinists had lost its romantic momentum. Indeed, how long can promises of a "new, free" Nicaragua suffice when the reality continues to be poverty?

For many Nicaraguans who expected the ouster of the tyrannical Somoza regime to bring better times and a more democratic government, the past three years have been somewhat of a disappointment. The situation in Nicaragua is bleak. The Sandinist government has been unable to establish a coherent system capable of fulfilling its democratic principles or to make far-reaching structural changes. It has not solved the country's severe economic problems and probably cannot without significant outside help. And it is now being threatened with a massive invasion from its northern neighbor, Honduras, actively supported by what some Sandinists refer to as "the big enemy of mankind," the United States.

Still, there are many Nicaraguans who know revolutions cannot accomplish miracles. "Now things are bad," I was told by Gerardo, an 85-year-old peasant who lives on a state-owned farm, El Canon, a few miles from the capital. "But later, in the future, they will get better, much better. We may not get to see the good times, but maybe our great-grandchildren will."

Among those watching events in Nicaragua with interest is

Maria Pallais is a New York City-based freelance journalist working on a book about Central America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cuba. It has seized the opportunity to show *companerismo* (camaraderie) by sending Nicaragua doctors, technicians and other professionals—and, some say, about 100 military advisers. In return, the Sandinists are beginning to show an open admiration for the Castro regime.

Still, despite a pattern that appears to be pointing away from democracy, Nicaragua has not been lost to a Cuban model of communism—yet. True, like all revolutionary countries, it accepts help from wherever it comes. True, too, a handful of former junta members and thousands of professionals have fled and are organizing a coalition in exile. But there are still many critics of the regime operating in Nicaragua and challenging those in power. And though there have been excesses by the government—including the recent arrest of a number of businesspeople and an attempt to undermine the authority of the Catholic Church by sponsoring a so-called "People's Church"—Nicaragua has proved to be more respectful of human rights than any other Central American nation except Costa Rica. A fact the Reagan Administration should have kept in mind before launching its overt and covert actions against the Sandinists.

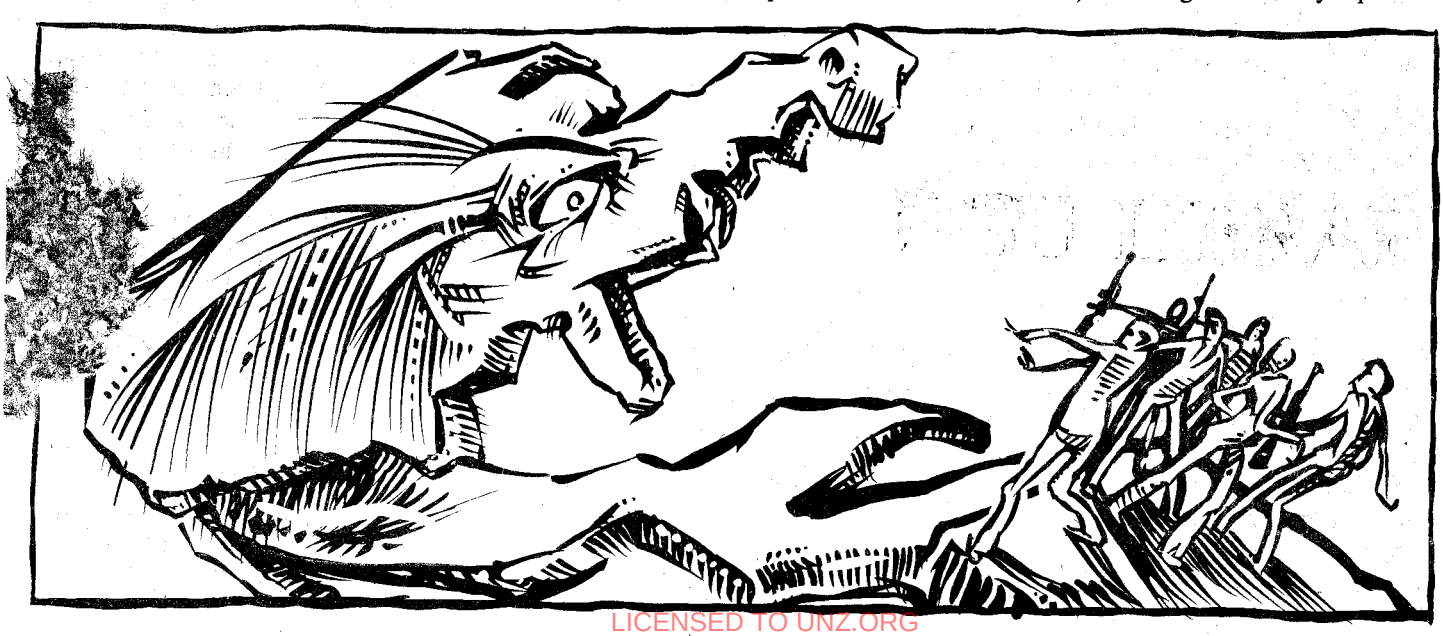
The threat of a U.S.-inspired invasion from Honduras is not a device used by the Sandinists to distract the Nicaraguan people from the country's domestic problems, as some critics have claimed. Constant harassment and border-crossing forays by troops trained by the United States (and financed with part of the $20.6 million U.S. military handout to Honduras) are real. Nicaraguan military commanders have located at least nine guerrilla bases in Honduras. Light planes equipped with bombs and rockets recently fired at gas storage tanks in the port of Corinto. The American press has revealed plans for a $19 million covert C.I.A. operation to train Somocistas to invade Nicaragua, and perhaps it is no coincidence that what once were sporadic antigovernment demonstrations in Managua have become recurring sabotage attacks, mortar shellings and armed raids on Nicaraguan villages.

"The aggressions [sponsored by] the United States are obviously on the rise," Sandinist leader Rene Vivas, a vice minister of the interior, said in a recent interview. Washington is "arming Somoza's people, putting pressure on Honduras, instigating, training and offering logistical support to the right-wing insurgents." Vivas and other Sandinist leaders reiterated that it is the pattern of organized violence during the past four months that has forced the revolution to adopt extreme measures, such as extending the thirty-day state of emergency declared in March for another six months.

Though moderation was among the Sandinists' initial goals, this threat from the Honduran border is forcing the revolutionary regime to increase its army and acquire sophisticated weapons. Even so, the Sandinists realize their army could never compete with the U.S.-supplied Honduran Air Force. The Nicaraguan Air Force has four helicopters and two training jets; MIG jets are expected to arrive in 1983 from the Soviet Union, according to a foreign diplomat in Managua, but may be too late to be of any use.

For top Sandinist leaders—as for many others, shopkeepers and peasants alike—the issue is not whether an invasion will take place but rather what to do when it comes. In recent weeks, the government has increased the number of militia members and reservists to 80,000 and 25,000 respectively, although the civil defense groups lack experience in conventional warfare. Vivas seemed convinced that "everyone is willing to fight if they have to," but most people I spoke to would rather not participate in another civil war. "We've had enough of that," said one Nicaraguan. "Ours may not be the best revolution the world has invented, but it is ours and we'd like to get on with the business of seeing it progress." Asked if he would join the Sandinist militia in the event of an invasion, he said, "I am praying I won't have to," adding that perhaps the United States "will change its attitude and re-establish an open dialogue."

At times, it seems as if everyone who has chosen to stay in Nicaragua (including Sandinist militants, civilians holding important jobs and even those businesspeople a touch disappointed with the revolution) is willing to stand by a process



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that has its limitations and shortcomings, as if it were a newborn baby that had to be taken care of. Some even go as far as defending all government decisions, at least in public, out of a belief that it is essential to be "tough" in order to safeguard Nicaragua's "new independence."

This was the general attitude last winter, when a series of border confrontations provoked the forced relocation of about 10,000 Miskito Indians from their ancestral lands along the Coco River, near the Honduran frontier. The Sandinists said the relocation was an attempt to incorporate the Indians into the "new Nicaragua." But, as people who had remained isolated from the mainstream of Nicaraguan society, the Miskitos didn't like being resettled. Some reacted violently to what they regarded as an imposition on their lives. A few joined the insurgents in Honduras; others ended up in Nicaraguan jails.

The government was criticized for its rough treatment in the resettlement, but Sandinist leaders argued they were only "trying to prevent terrorist activity from proliferating in that region." "We are—we have to be—constantly on the alert," said Luis Fiallos, the vice minister in charge of forestry and therefore a regular visitor to Nicaragua's wooded north. "If we didn't feel that our revolution was being threatened by a huge U.S.-backed invasion coming from Honduran territory, we wouldn't have taken certain measures toward the Miskitos," he added.

Foreign journalists have virtually no access to that region, but I was able to join a team of local reporters at a ceremony there presided over by Interior Minister Tomas Borge Martinez in late July. He distributed land titles to about 600 Miskitos and, in their Indian dialect, said: "Our government considers you Nicaraguans, and as such, Sandinists. We want to protect you and bring you closer to us; we want to learn your culture and understand your ways."

In addition to its land-distribution program for the Miskitos, the government can point to other significant achievements. Its literacy crusade has reduced the illiteracy rate nationwide from 50.3 percent to about 12 percent, according to recent government figures. The health budget stands at $218.3 million, up from the $26.4 million that the Somoza dictatorship allocated. More than 6,000 peasant families have obtained land titles and there are now more than 3,000 agricultural cooperatives, as against 130 during Somoza's reign.

Still, there are those who dare to say, at least privately, "We were better off with Somoza, as much as we hated him." It would be a mistake to think the Nicaraguan people want the Somocistas back in power—in fact, if there is anything all Nicaraguans agree on it is their deep hatred for Somoza and particularly his National Guard—but there were indeed "golden days" during his dynasty that some remember with nostalgia. Thanks to high prices for cotton, sugar and coffee, and a cordial relationship with the United States, Nicaragua's wealthy sectors received large amounts of foreign income; between 1961 and 1977, its foreign trade earnings increased from $63 million to $637 million.

Today, prices for exports and foreign financial assistance are both diminishing. According to Nicaragua's International Reconstruction Fund, $30 million of the $75 million in loans approved under the Carter Administration have been stopped. Within weeks of coming to power, the Reagan Administration suspended all U.S. assistance to Nicaragua, including credits to purchase U.S. wheat. As a result, Nicaragua's total foreign income has averaged $471 million a year since the revolution. Daniel Ortega Saavedra, the ranking member of the Sandinist junta, has complained that "the rich countries are paying us less and less" while inflation forces import prices higher and higher: "A tractor that cost $15,000 ten years ago costs $35,000 today."

Some of Nicaragua's economic difficulties may be of its own making. After a recent flood that destroyed roads, bridges and most crops, causing damages estimated at $400 million, the Sandinists at least temporarily rejected an A.I.D. offer of $5.1 million that was made as "a symbol of political and moral support" to the private sector and the Catholic Church. Edmundo Jarquin, director of the Reconstruction Fund, labeled the offer "insensitive" because it ignored hard-pressed sectors more seriously affected by the flood.

Some Nicaraguans loyal to the government believe it can compromise. "We shouldn't let politics stand in the way and let the $5.1 million go to waste," said Mary-Jane Mulligan, director of private-sector development at the Ministry of Industry. "The state does not object to it being invested in the private sector; it objects to being told by a foreign group what to do with the money." She feels the Sandinists should "find a way of negotiating between the private sector and the state" to accept the $5.1 million.

Although Jarquin has said that the loan has not been rejected "in a final statement" and that "a door has been left open" to negotiations, his written response to A.I.D. objecting to the loan as "a political statement" was firm: "The A.I.D. decision is incongruent with the politics of our government in what concerns international cooperation, which states that loans should be granted in accordance with the needs of the country and with respect to its sovereignty."

According to a member of the Superior Council of Private Enterprise, who asked to remain unidentified, the Sandinist regime's proud attitude toward the A.I.D. loan is proof that it no longer stands by its initial commitment to a mixed economy. Perhaps A.I.D. did disregard Nicaragua's most urgent needs, he said, but "rejecting the loan was obviously an attempt to stop the private sector from growing." Arguing that many private enterprises have been shut down for no apparent reason, he insisted that Sandinist leaders are showing less and less interest in the private sector's growth. Too many businesspeople and professionals have been allowed to leave Nicaragua, he said, and "most Sandinist party members or sympathizers are amateurs in business and managing skills. It is only natural that the industrial and private sectors are not thriving under this new regime."

Commander Ortega Saavedra, however, sees things differently. "We inherited an industrial sector in decline, which was profitable in the 1960s [but now] could only subsist at the cost of an enormous debt and the exploitation of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Most Powerful Anti-Nuclear Weapon in the World is *You!*

Subscribe to Nuclear Times and Start Making the Difference!

Here at last is the first reliable source of solid information on what's happening in the anti-nuclear weapons movement–nationwide and worldwide.

Every 32-page issue will:

○ Contain news, plans and accomplishments of the more than 3,000 groups in this country and many more abroad.

○ Bring you a calendar of upcoming events, legislation and other information you can *act* upon–in your own community, in Washington, in the centers of world power.

○ Provide you with the thinking, both philosophical and strategic, of a broad range of people, many of whom are dedicating their lives to the movement.

○ Help you put your own work, and that of the organization to which you belong, into the perspective of the anti-nuclear weapons movement as a whole.

Don't Miss a Single Issue of Nuclear Times! Fill Out and Mail the Coupon at Right Today!

THESE ARE NUCLEAR TIMES
Subscribe Now

☐ YES. Please send me 1 year (10 monthly issues) of *Nuclear Times*, for only $15.00. (Save $5.00 off the Newsstand Price)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

☐ Please send a bulk subscription to the following organization (Save a further 20%)

Organization _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

Your name _____

Number of copies _____

Bulk Rate— 1-4, $15.00 each . . . 5-19, $12.00 each (20% savings) . . . 20-50, $9.00 each (40% savings) . . .

Mail to: NUCLEAR TIMES, 298 5th Ave., New York, NY 10001.

Nuclear Times is a non profit publication that provides information and resources to people interested in Nuclear Disarmament issues. We welcome contributions to enable us to provide services to individuals who cannot afford to subscribe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the workers," he said in a recent speech. Because of the high production costs of some private enterprises, he added, "in the long run it is preferable to import than to produce here."

In a recent interview, Jaime Wheelock, a Sandinist commander and the Minister of Agrarian Reform, denied that the principle of a mixed economy had been "betrayed." The state controls only a third of Nicaragua's economy, he said, and "our tendency is not to expand or to confiscate more land but rather to make what we already have be more productive." In what might have been too optimistic a statement, Wheelock maintained that "the thriving state-controlled sector, the private cattle-raising sector and the increasingly productive peasant cooperatives are working in a positive and harmonious atmosphere."

According to Wheelock, not only are some "rich landowners" cooperating with the revolution but some private businesses have accepted the state's "favorable credit and price policies." An example of the regime's loyalty to its initial economic postulates, he said, is its cotton policy: "Last year, 100 kilograms of cotton cost $95 in the international market. This year, the price went down to $67. However, the state pays the private cotton-grower $100 for each 100 kilograms of cotton sold, thus showing the state's willingness to promote the private sector and create incentives for the small producers." Moreover, although 50 percent of the sugar cane, 25 percent of the coffee and 27 percent of the cotton export industries are state-controlled, "the private sector today controls 46 percent of the meat export industry, and during Somoza's time it had only 14 percent."

None of these explanations, however, have been convincing enough for those Nicaraguans who have lost faith in the Sandinist regime. Among them is a former hero of the revolution, Eden Pastora Gómez, who has gained sympathy and support in liberal circles abroad. Pastora, openly referred to in Nicaragua as "the traitor" but still remembered as a charismatic leader, has also won the backing of two former junta members, Alfonso Robelo and Arturo Cruz.

Although Pastora claims to have the support of many Sandinists still working for the junta, how significant his influence is inside the Nicaraguan military is hard to say. When asked to evaluate his character, one Sandinist militant who had served under him said simply, "Why waste time talking about him?" Another though, saddened by Pastora's sudden desertion, called it "our biggest blow so far."

Close associates of the former guerrilla leader say they have formed a coalition of political parties in exile. Not long ago, they met secretly in Venezuela to name a commission in an effort to win international support. They claim, however, that neither Pastora nor any of the other liberal leaders outside Nicaragua are willing to launch an invasion if it means joining forces with the 5,000 Somocistas being trained by the United States. "We don't want to be associated with Somoza's National Guard," explained Alvaro Jerez, a member of the National Democratic Front in Costa Rica. "Our aim is to convince the United States that the Sandinist revolution is irreversible, but that it has to be rectified. We don't believe in re-creating a repressive government that massacred so many of our people."

There is no need to be a political expert to conclude that the preliminary steps the Sandinist government has taken, whether wrong or right, are the sort that any process of social change must take before it achieves its final form. Nor to conclude that Nicaragua will be unable to attain its goals if it continues to face a belligerent U.S. foreign policy that supports the military subversion of a society in the making.

There is a family mausoleum in one of Managua's cemeteries where two brothers-in-law lie buried, both killed while championing different political factions. The engraving on one tombstone, from a letter written in prison, is a message from an idealistic young Sandinist, killed by Somoza's National Guard. "If I die, don't be sad," it reads. "I am happy because I fought for the freedom of my country." Next to it, there's another tombstone, of a businessman from a center-left party killed by Sandinist security forces for participating in an antigovernment conspiracy. "Let's not run away to Miami," it reads. "Let's stay here and fight."

Those messages illustrate the sad reality of Nicaragua today: the deep split that divides most Nicaraguan families at all social levels. One can only hope those families will find a way to enable all their members, brothers and brothers-in-law, young and old, to work together in the overwhelming task of building a new society. □

CRISES TO THE RIGHT OF US. . .

Reagan in Search Of a Global Policy

GABRIEL KOLKO

In the context of deepening economic difficulties and a unique series of intense foreign crises, the Reagan Administration has been attempting to articulate a global military and political strategy that would match American resources, interests and priorities with potential threats to U.S. power around the world. Its recent Middle East peace proposals seem to have been formulated as part of that effort, but even if they were to be taken seriously in the region they would do little to establish credibility for a government that has produced a great deal of rhetoric but has been unable to guide important developments in any critical area of the globe for several years.

Reagan's foreign policy problems began the moment he took office. In his relations with Congress—which has been steadily whittling away at Presidential power over foreign policy since 1973—he has been forced to concede to pres-

Gabriel Kolko is a professor of history at York University in Toronto and the author of Roots of American Foreign Policy *(Beacon).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sures from both its liberal wing (on Central America) and its conservative wing (on Taiwan). Instead of creating a definable and loyal constituency on the Hill, he has had to contend with constantly changing coalitions forming around each issue as it arises. Moreover, at a time of economic and budgetary troubles, Congress has shown itself to be increasingly unwilling to accept the President's none-too-plausible justifications for rising arms expenditures and preparations for military intervention overseas.

Compounding the President's problems has been a bitter, protracted ideological fight within his own Cabinet and among his initial right-wing allies. The Administration has sought ways of translating its conservative ideology into policy, but its rhetoric and dogmatic assertions have not provided real answers to the problems of the complex world in which U.S. imperialism now finds itself. Out of the present global disorder has come nothing more than an indecisive American foreign policy that reveals the grave inadequacies in the American right's confrontation with reality.

The dominant international development of the past months has been the dissolution of the formal and informal alliances the United States laboriously constructed over decades. There would seem to be few, if any, means for Washington to re-establish control over the centrifugal forces now pulling apart the world order Reagan inherited.

Latin America's relations with the United States were irrevocably recast when Washington sided with Britain over the Falklands, shattering the Rio Pact and any hope for united action to deal with leftist movements throughout the hemisphere. Yet the reticence with which Washington came to London's support also profoundly alienated British official and public opinion, inflicting more damage on the "special relationship" than any other recent event. With the Soviet pipeline and other trade disputes last summer, crises of confidence and conflicts of interest have created a deep gulf between the principal NATO members and the United States that will not be quickly healed. The events in Lebanon gravely endanger the patiently constructed web of American influence in the conservative Middle Eastern states just at the time when the victorious Iranian Army is in a position to revenge itself on the Gulf states that funded the Iraqi invasion of its nation. And in Asia the de facto American alliance with China has undergone a profound deterioration scarcely welcome to a harried Washington.

These political setbacks make American military strategies for these regions increasingly untenable, and from the very start of the Reagan Presidency, Congress has been trying to learn the extent of the Administration's foreign commitments. Administration spokesmen responded originally that the old "one and one-half wars" doctrine—being able to fight simultaneously one general war and one substantial local war—was now dead. A greater American commitment was required, they said, asking for the addition of $200 billion to the Pentagon budget over the next four years in order to upgrade U.S. military capabilities.

Since that time the Administration's attempts to articulate its position have been convoluted and essentially contradictory, leaving open the possibility of multiple interventions but also taking into account the fact that this is militarily and economically unattainable. The Pentagon's 1983 budget request last February directly confronted this problem, making Western Europe our first priority, then the oil routes from the Persian Gulf, followed by Africa, East Asia and Latin America in no order of importance.

Although the United States has primarily been preparing to fight a war in Europe or the Persian Gulf, the Administration's intentions extend farther. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger made it clear last April that the United States would not in principle forgo intervening anywhere in the world lest the Russians enter that vacuum. Hence the Pentagon argues the need for the capacity to strike everywhere—including, for example, the possible dispatch of U.S. "assistance" to Thailand in the event of a Vietnamese invasion.

Because an effective military response to every local conflict is a technical and economic impossibility—and because that allows events rather than policies to define priorities—the Reagan Administration has come up with a new doctrine of "horizontal escalation." Quite like John Foster Dulles's 1954 doctrine of "massive retaliation" at the "time and place" of U.S. choosing if the war resumed in Korea, horizontal escalation means that should Russia attack a nation the United States considers vital, American forces might respond elsewhere where Soviet forces are vulnerable: a war in South Asia, for example, might lead the United States to attack Cuba.

The Navy is the key proponent of this doctrine; the other military branches have been openly skeptical of it. But its drawbacks are more political than military, the most ob-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vious being that it does not provide a means for dealing with autonomous revolutionary forces, which take orders from no one. Moreover, the doctrine subverts the Pentagon's policy of priorities insofar as it states that if Russia attacks a nation that is important to U.S. interests—for example, oil-rich Iran—the United States might attack, say, a much poorer Cuba in retaliation. In effect, the doctrine not only fails to solve Washington's military problems but actually deepens them by threatening to increase the number of local wars.

Since logistical preparations for local conventional wars in even a few places would take many years to accomplish, the Reagan Administration in May began minimizing horizontal escalation as a solution to the problem of fighting local wars. On May 21, Reagan's national security adviser, William P. Clark, leaked the news of a still-secret Pentagon plan, which will be the basis for military budgets until 1988. It projects the perfection of a second-strike "massive retaliation" nuclear capability, which would be an effective and relatively inexpensive deterrent. The Pentagon plan, which has received National Security Council approval, would enable the United States to "survive" the first round of a nuclear exchange and retain the capacity to launch nuclear attacks against remaining Soviet targets.

While Administration leaders have taken great pains to deny reports that this is a scheme to win a protracted nuclear war, they have admitted they are planning to produce technology capable of inflicting a decisive second strike. Such talk is intended to force the Soviet Union to increase its arms spending, thus further weakening its economy, but it seems unlikely the Administration's confidence in strategic war is shared by the military and defense establishment. The debate over strategy will certainly continue so long as an infallible military policy at an affordable price eludes the Reagan Administration.

The Administration's foreign policy deliberations have not been helped by the limited talents of its major spokesmen. Weinberger, Clark and Secretary of State George Shultz have little diplomatic or military experience, and this has greatly increased the role of Congress in defining foreign and military policy options. Shultz knows how to get along with his superiors even when he disagrees with them, but his academic, business and government background equips him to deal only with foreign economic problems.

To make up for his deficiencies, Shultz has sought advice from conservative establishment-oriented Soviet experts; six of them met with him in August to consider general policy issues. Among them was President Ford's deputy assistant for national security affairs, William G. Hyland, and in an influential analysis published last year—*Soviet-American Relations: A New Cold War?* (Rand Corporation)—he revealed the kind of counsel Shultz is receiving.

Hyland argues that détente is dead and that the Western and Soviet spheres are becoming increasingly divided and internally unstable. Given the strains on both Soviet and American resources, Hyland sees the need for greater unity in the Western bloc to exploit the vulnerabilities within the Soviet system the events in Poland have revealed. Yet at the same time, Soviet military power is growing, posing a larger threat to the United States than ever. With each development accruing to America's advantage, in effect, there is an even greater challenge to overcome.

Experts such as Hyland do not solve such dilemmas, but it is important that they are making the government aware of them.

U.S. foreign policy during the first two years of the Reagan Administration has been uncertain and hesitant, as a conservative government, seeking ways of translating its ideology into policy, has found itself more and more constrained by its domestic economic commitments. So long as the economy is in bad shape, that foreign policy will also be under conflicting and increasingly inhibiting strains both from Congress and from important domestic political elements.

The real problem facing the United States now, however, is comprehending the nature of the world and the growing constraints on its resources for confronting international crises. It is precisely the autonomous economic and political trends that have upset great power relations since 1950 that are shaping the world today, posing new difficulties that cannot be solved by conflict *or* accommodation with the Soviet Union and China, defying the well-laid plans of Pentagon strategists. But unlike previous periods, the accelerating dissolution of American alliances in Latin America, Europe and the Middle East has created nationalist movements of rightist or religious complexion, with which the United States must cope along with leftist elements of every type. The events in Lebanon today are but one example of this.

The social and political forces of the non-Communist world are being reshuffled into new combinations. Against these mercurial trends, America's search for a coherent global strategy appears increasingly pathetic. Ultimately, it seems likely that President Reagan will end up presiding over four years of a further decline of American power in the world. □

Courts

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

have no one running against them. But under California law they are required, at the first regular election after their appointment, to receive confirmation from a majority of the voters. No sitting judge has ever been removed this way, although a right-wing campaign led by Republican State Senator H. L. (Bill) Richardson, an increasingly powerful figure in California politics, nearly unseated Chief Justice Rose Bird four years ago.

Even if the three are confirmed by the voters, as polls indicate they will be, the campaign will keep the political

Peter Schrag is the editor of the editorial page of The Sacramento Bee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heat on the courts. Richardson and other right wingers have been discussing proposals to launch a new campaign against Bird for some time. Several such recall efforts were actually started last year, and one nearly received the endorsement and the financial support of the state's increasingly conservative Republican Party. All were eventually dropped, but there is little doubt that next year Richardson will try again. If the three judges on the November ballot should fail to win confirmation—or even if they are approved by narrow margins (which is likely)—the push for a recall drive against Bird will be all the stronger.

Another element in the attack on the judges this fall is the candidacy of George Nicholson, now an assistant attorney general, who is in a tight race with Los Angeles's Democratic District Attorney, John Van de Kamp, to become the state's chief law enforcement official. In looks and demeanor, Nicholson reminds many people of the young Richard Nixon. But unlike Nixon, he is more true believer than opportunist, a man who—notwithstanding statistics showing that California courts are among the toughest in the nation in their criminal sentencing—argues persistently that liberal judges are far and away the most important cause of the state's crime problem and that those judges must be curbed or removed.

In his messianic fervor Nicholson sees only white and black, good guys and bad guys. When *The Los Angeles Daily Journal*, a legal newspaper, asked him last spring why he opposes confirmation of the three Supreme Court judges, he replied: "They are Jerry Brown's judges. Jerry Brown has appointed the overwhelming majority of the judges in this state. The appearance of those three judges on the ballot . . . provides the public with the opportunity to speak out in clear and uncertain terms and say we have had enough of Jerry's judges. We have had enough of a court that concerns itself more with abstract, unworkable, ivory-tower extensions of criminal rights to the virtual total neglect of crime victims' rights and the rights of everyday citizens.

"And without going into the specific merits of each individual jurist that appears on the ballot among those three, the point being there comes a time in the life of an individual and society when lines have to be drawn, when positions have to be taken, and stands have to be made, and this is one of them."

It does not matter, in other words, what the judges have done. Of the three, one, Otto Kaus, is a judicial moderate, if not a conservative, with a highly respected record on the California Court of Appeals. The other two, Cruz Reynoso, a Hispanic, and Allen Broussard, a black, both have good lower court records. None of them have been on the Supreme Court long enough to compile much of a record there, let alone be guilty of the sort of malfeasance that would justify rejection at the polls. Some observers suspect that Kaus was included on the hit list to undercut the charge that opposition to the judges is racist, a suspicion reinforced by the fact that, as Attorney General, Deukmejian voted for—and warmly praised—Kaus when he came before the Commission on Judicial Appointments. Although he has never

MERIP REPORTS

Special Issue: War in Lebanon

For more than a decade, MERIP Reports has provided the most incisive coverage of Middle East developments and US policy there. With this special issue, MERIP's network of researchers and correspondents bring you clear, well-documented accounts of the events that shattered the summer of 1982.

- Reports from Washington, Beirut, Jerusalem and the West Bank
- Noam Chomsky on the disarmament movement and the invasion
- Eyewitness accounts and exclusive photos

This special double issue, regularly $4, is free with a new subscription to MERIP Reports. For $16.95, you get a full year (9 issues) of the one magazine essential for understanding the Middle East and US policy—plus this special issue.

☐ I enclose $16.95 for a year's subscription. Send me your special double issue free.
☐ I enclose $4 plus 70 cents postage and handling for MERIP's new double issue, War in Lebanon.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send your check or money order today to: MERIP Reports (L)
PO Box 1247
New York, NY 10025

"A BRILLIANT, SORROWFUL EVOCATION OF A MOST ANXIOUS AGE. Fascinating, rueful, epic, ambitious and complex." —Vincent Canby, The New York Times

"I can't conceive of any federal department holding back such vital information in a case . . . I say we were hoodwinked. The jurors were hoodwinked."
—Gussie Feinstein, juror at the second trial resulting in the conviction of Alger Hiss
—from THE TRIALS OF ALGER HISS

The Trials of ALGER HISS
A film by John Lowenthal

Film Forum I
57 Watts Street, New York City 212/431-1590
Monday evenings only at 8 p.m., Oct. 25 to Dec. 6
$4.00 nonmembers, $2.50 members.
Limited engagement. A Direct Cinema Ltd. release.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explained his change of heart, Deukmejian now opposes confirmation of all three.

There are, of course, other matters on the ballot: the freeze proposal, a modest handgun-control initiative, a ground-water-management proposal, a bottle-deposit initiative. Indeed, for the first time in a number of years the majority of the important ballot measures are essentially liberal in inspiration. Yet the one theme running through the entire campaign is crime and the right wing's attack on "Jerry's Judges."

Pete Wilson is trying to use that issue on Brown; Deukmejian is using it on Bradley; Nicholson is using it on Van de Kamp. Nicholson has even been using the recall of Rose Bird, which is *not* on the ballot, as a sort of political litmus test, an indication of how committed a politician is—or should be—to fighting crime. Wilson, for his part, is saying that if elected to the Senate he will introduce legislation abolishing the exclusionary evidence rule in the Federal system. He has also declared that Federal judges—including justices on the Supreme Court—should be subject to periodic reconfirmation so that voters can pass on their judicial philosophies. So much for the concept of an independent judiciary.

What makes the soft-judge issue particularly powerful in this campaign is the presence of the handgun-control initiative on the same ballot. State Senator Richardson, who has been leading the attack on the judges and who has been highly successful in getting his allies elected to the state legislature, receives much of his support from two California gun-owners' organizations that he heads and whose campaigns he generally directs. Although there is no evidence that Richardson actually uses money originally raised to fight gun control in his campaigns against the judges, there is little question that the political logic of the two issues is the same. Tougher judges and tougher criminal laws have nearly always been the right-wing answer to gun control, and they definitely are in this campaign. The 150,000 votes that Richardson brings out against the gun-control initiative are likely to be votes for Nicholson, Deukmejian and Wilson—and, most emphatically, votes against the three Supreme Court judges.

None of it, of course, may succeed. Rose Bird survived the Richardson attack in 1978, and the court survived an extended investigation of improper conduct charges in 1979. The judges may survive this attack as well. But the court, the state's criminal justice system and constitutional due process are nonetheless taking a fearful pounding.

One of the reasons the courts are vulnerable to attacks from demagogues is that judges cannot answer those attacks, cannot defend their records, cannot reply to people like Nicholson who seem to believe that if the courts don't follow the "will of the people" they are failing. The State Bar has become increasingly active in trying to defend the courts and explain the function of an independent judiciary, but the speeches of a handful of lawyers are no match for the daily attacks from virtually all of the state's leading Republican politicians. The argument that in upholding the law and the Constitution the courts must sometimes rule against "the will of the people" is not heard nearly enough.

But beyond that there is growing damage caused by measures like Proposition 8, both in causing legal confusion and in eroding constitutional protections. Among other things, Proposition 8's repeal of the evidence code abolishes nearly all restrictions and procedures regarding evidence and makes evidence derived from burglaries or illegal wiretaps admissible. Not only does this violate the Federal Constitution but it leaves the legal system in the kind of chaos that will, in the words of Stanford Law School professor John Kaplan, a conservative, "give lawyers work for the next thirty years straightening it out."

The results of the political exploitation of the crime issue have been extremely costly. On the June ballot California voters approved a $495 million bond issue to construct new state prisons [see Jessica Mitford, page 424]. On the November ballot there is a measure to authorize an additional $280 million for new county jails. Those costs, according to state correctional officials, are just a small fraction of the bill the state is now facing in new prison expenditures caused by the vastly longer sentences being mandated by a legislature which, in the past two years, has gone crazy over crime.

All of that may yet burn itself out, perhaps even at this election. But for the moment, all statistics to the contrary notwithstanding, the mythical soft judge is the central political issue in this state. Brown and Bradley and the nuclear freeze will make the national headlines, but the returns on "Jerry's Judges" will tell far more about the political direction in which California is going. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Steamboats and Shooting Stars

VERONICA GENG

The twentieth New York Film Festival, which ran at Lincoln Center from September 24 to October 10 (and kicked off commercial openings for most of the selections I've covered) was loaded with personality, causing a desirable level of dissension. There was even one great movie, the Taviani brothers' *The Night of the Shooting Stars*. It won't open until January, but it put the other Festival features into perspective. Filmmakers around the world seem to be struggling with problems of distance—from their material and their audiences—that the Tavianis freely resolve.

Paolo and Vittorio Taviani are the most original lyric filmmakers to reach us from Italy since early Bertolucci, and *The Night of the Shooting Stars* is a lovely, ardent work. Balancing the fiercer emotions of their 1977 *Padre Padrone*, they interpret their teen-age memories of a Tuscan town during World War II with a tensed poise that says, like one character, "It's raining, but the sun is shining."

In the summer of 1944, the townspeople flee their houses, mined by the Nazis, and split into two groups. One finds shelter in the supposedly safe cathedral; the other, which includes a 6-year-old girl, is less trustful, and sets out on foot in the rumored direction of the American front lines. Even the tragic episodes have a comic timing, a festive shape, crystallized by the fearless amazement of the little girl and by the perspective of forty years. On this journey, the Tavianis are discovering the sources of their sense of proportion as artists: their art is the matured form of the child's wicked, innocent pleasure in the midst of disaster.

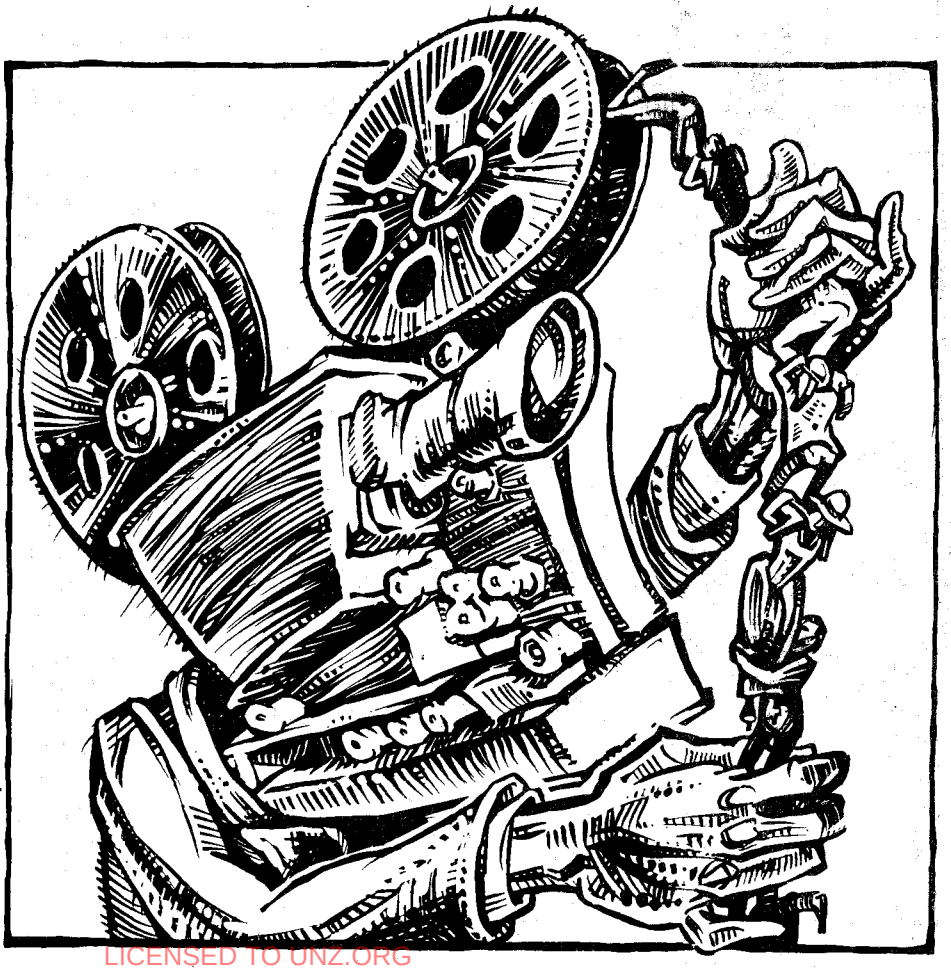
This is the most purely Tuscan movie I've ever seen. Delightful proportions are Tuscany's visual language; the Tavianis quicken it into a personal slang with fresh, modern inflections of local idioms. At times, the movie looks like a collaboration between Ucello and Godard. When the townspeople hiding in a cellar prepare to escape under cover of darkness, what the Tavianis see is the funny and powerful spectacle of twenty or thirty bodies all wrestling into camouflage-black dresses and overcoats at the same time.

That night, the group pauses on a hilltop, listening for the explosions that will tell them the tinted walls of their houses are being blown apart. The Tavianis paint the moment as a series of details: the curled forms and rosy translucence of ears that always seem to be hearing Verdi. No movie could come by its painterliness more deservedly or more intuitively. The sleeping bodies in a communal foxhole are, for an instant, like the figures in a rotunda ceiling fresco. This isn't merely pictorial; it's an impulsive fusion of art and life. Most of us would look down at the foxhole and up at the fresco; the Tavianis see both at once.

Their politics is communal without denying the individuality of artists. *The Night of the Shooting Stars* is an act of selfish joy in art—and a generous act, returning art to the place and people that nourished it. The movie's passionate climaxes are visions boldly imagined by conscious artists, but the elements—a platoon of Sicilian-American G.I.s, Achilles turning his blazing shield and spear toward Hector—are images of hope and heroism drawn from a communal consciousness. The Tavianis don't say everybody is an artist; they say art is everybody.

The Tavianis' work springs from a fertile relationship with their culture. What can happen when that relationship gets displaced is suggested by Jerzy Skolimowski's *Moonlighting*. A Pole who has worked mostly in exile since the 1960s, Skolimowski was in London during the recent military takeover in Poland, and in an almost journalistic response, he made *Moonlighting* in less than three months.

Four Polish construction workers, sent to London as illegal laborers to



Veronica Geng has reviewed movies for The New York Review of Books. *She was also a film critic for* Soho News.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing

The Complete Guide to Charitable Giving

Don't wait until December 31st to read the *Gift-Giving Guide*

Plan now for year-end tax savings.

Let the *Gift-Giving Guide* help you redirect your tax dollar away from the Pentagon to organizations working to end militarism and promote peace.

Or, to any number of tax-exempt projects doing what our tax money should be doing. Empowering the disenfranchised. Protecting the environment. Redressing discrimination. Alleviating injustice.

The *Gift-Giving Guide* tells you everything you need to know about charitable giving:
- Dozens of ways to make tax-deductible contributions.
- Multiply savings through gifts of stock.
- Deduct now, decide later.
- Write off volunteer expenses or loans.
- Prepare wills.
- Take advantage of carryovers, lower tax brackets, and once-in-a-lifetime giving opportunities

Gift Giving Guide
Methods and Tax Implications of Giving Away Money

To order the *Gift-Giving Guide*, send $7.50 to:
Funding Exchange
135 East 15th St. Room 5
New York, N.Y. 10003

Name _____
Address _____
_____ Zip _____

The Funding Exchange is a national network of community-based foundations that support grassroots, social change organization in their regions.
Bread & Roses Community Fund, Philadelphia; Common Capital Fund, Washington, D.C.; Crossroads Fund, Chicago; Fund for Southern Communities, Atlanta; Haymarket People's Fund, Boston; Liberty Hill Foundation, Los Angeles; McKenzie River Gathering, Eugene; North Star Fund, New York City; Vanguard Public Foundation, San Francisco.

renovate a *pied à l'Angleterre* for their rich boss, are stranded there when planes and phone calls to Poland are suspended during the crisis. The foreman (Jeremy Irons), the only English-speaker among them, becomes a scavenger and improviser of power. Irons's performance is all the funnier if you recognize how Slavic it is—deceptively raw, in command of a sly gallows humor.

On a spontaneous impulse, Skolimowski has made a highly controlled movie about spontaneity in a situation squeezed dry of possibilities. He draws these paradoxes with a Rapidograph—more architectural draftsmanship than free sketch. Like the workers, the movie does its absurd little construction job. Skolimowski is a resourceful modernist; he builds with the negative materials at hand. It's his style to build elegantly; the stresses are only palpable because they're so emphatically denied. In the 1967 anthology movie *Far from Vietnam*, Godard was seen pinned behind a camera, talking to another camera on his balcony in Paris; what you really saw was the stress of his separation—in his case, cultural as well as geographic—from his subject. You can't ask Skolimowski for that messy directness, but I missed it.

Moonlighting perfectly abstracts the contours of Skolimowski's personal position in December 1981; if you squint, it's a fable about power. There's no middle ground; probably there can't be. While Tuscans can take design for granted, Skolimowski and his Poles in Nowheresville cling to it as if its rigor is all they have left. Yet the mysteriously honored privacy of the three workers who speak only in untranslated Polish hints at a richer reality hibernating in the frozen abstraction.

Rainer Werner Fassbinder's alienation-by-décor and willed defeatism are a different matter, and I've never been in the coterie that appreciates them. *Veronika Voss* (finished just before Fassbinder's death last June) is a grim burlesque of *Sunset Boulevard*; the dominant tone could be the shriek of fingernails etching the curlicues into the numerous glass doors. But the other Fassbinder selection, *Bolwieser* (*The Stationmaster's Wife*), made in 1977 for German TV, is full-blooded and compelling (deserving U.S. distribution to counter *Veronika*'s empty flash). Based on a 1931 novel by Oskar Maria Graf, it's about a small-town Bavarian railroad official whose fear of appearing henpecked plays into his bride's lusty independence. These people have their own cruel momentum: Fassbinder circles around them but keeps hands off, giving you room to respond. The strain is relieved by bursts of vicious comedy that build to a satisfying travesty of courtroom justice: with the husband telling so many lies that they're the transparent equivalent of truth, the right guy gets the wrong comeuppance for the wrong reasons.

Filmmakers working under political repression have to deal with the distance between their own backs and the censors. The three selections from Hungary represented a range of strategies, from coded fourteenth-century theatrics about the illusion of power (Miklós Jancsó's *The Tyrant's Heart*) to realistic message-drama about the political persecution of two lesbian newspaper reporters (Károly Makk's *Another Way*). The most likable and informative is Péter Gothár's *Time Stands Still* (opening in New York City on October 20), about Hungarian teenagers caught between the glare of the 1960s' neon promise and the shadow of the crushed 1956 uprising. Gothár was in his mid-teens in the 1960s, and he eggs on his characters with loving apprehension: the way the boys all touch the talismanic leather-jacketed shoulder of Pierre, the Elvis-profiled heavy-turned-hero, when he's expelled for yelling over the school P.A. system, "Up with nothing! 'Blueberry Hill'!"

Time Stands Still has a terrific music track (U.S. rock-and-roll and an equally danceable, emotional Hungarian score) and one of the world's best cinematographers, Lajos Koltai, who colors the "golden age" of the 1960s a fragile ash-blond. Such a full experience that it's not always easy to follow, *Time Stands Still* lets you hold onto exhilaration right through a purple-haze decrescendo and wrenching black-and-white coda.

Yilmaz Güney, a Turkish star and director of action epics whose work took a political turn in the 1960s, made his new movie, *Yol*, in a situation the reverse of Skolimowski's: he was in his native country but physically cut off from his movie, directing it from prison. (Since the 1960s, he has served time on and off for political crimes; in 1974, he was imprisoned for murder. In 1980, all his movies were banned in Turkey.) Güney escaped to Europe, where he edited *Yol*, but his remoteness from its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

production makes it hard to evaluate except as a social document.

It follows five men on leave from prison, returning to equally brutal lives. What's startling is that Güney zeroes in with deadly seriousness on sexual politics, linking state oppression with patriarchal vengeance, macho jealousy and the antisexual frenzy of railroad passengers who try to lynch a reunited married couple for making love in the bathroom. *Yol* isn't an experience I can "recommend"—it's almost all pain. But Güney obviously has some kind of big-scale talent for conscientious populism, and there must be more to it than he could express while locked up.

The male self-reproach of Antonioni's new *Identification of a Woman* has been better served by the funky audience-rapport of De Palma, Godard and even Fellini; paradoxically, Antonioni got closest to the audience in two long, gripping passages of enigma before he showed his hand. Less effectively aloof was Isabelle Huppert, as Joseph Losey's *The Trout*, flapping and flailing in the arid stream-bed of multinational sex-and-power politics.

Satire needs skillful positioning. The English filmmaker Peter Greenaway mocked art patronage in his first feature, *The Draughtsman's Contract*, a conceptual Restoration thriller whose fastidious shots caromed and ricocheted across a green-baize billiard table of an estate in Kent. The dripping wigs and innuendo would have been even more delicious if Greenaway hadn't Fauntleroyishly clutched his toy fops to his chest, begrudging others the chance to play. The modest-budget independent American features *Eating Raoul* and *Vortex* chose targets the size of barn doors (sexual swingers and up-tight gourmets; private-eye flicks and Howard Hughes) and then listlessly tossed a few darts (*Vortex* more stylishly), smugly savoring their advantage.

The wholehearted, robust American movies were the shorts, especially Stephen S. Weiss's twilight voyeurism in *Miami Is Okay* (Miami, Oklahoma, that is) and George Kuchar's hilarious *Wild Night in El Reno*. A model of how to build intensity from remoteness, *Wild Night* vigorously mixed six minutes of repeated images—weather, a shirt flapping on a line, a lamp by a window, a man running away from a phone booth at night—into an uninhibited, depraved all-night party.

* Kuchar could have been illustrating

Religion on Capitol Hill
Myths & Realities

Peter L. Benson & Dorothy L. Williams

An unprecedented look at how the religious beliefs of members of Congress influence government policy, must reading in this election year. Is Congress a hotbed of humanism? Are born-again Christians in Congress a united force? Are political conservatives more religious than liberals? The provocative answers—and more—are all here in RELIGION ON CAPITOL HILL. $11.95*

At bookstores

*suggested consumer price

Harper & Row
1817

John Masefield
THE WESTERN HUDSON SHORE

A Poem About the Palisades of the Hudson

One of British Poet Laureate John Masefield's last poems and a treasure little known to the general public. Masefield describes the beauty and majesty of the Palisades, which he viewed from Yonkers when he was working there in his youth. These unique verses constitute a choice collector's item.

Sixteen pages including foreword by Corliss Lamont

PLEASE SEND $2.00 WITH ORDER TO
THE OLIPHANT PRESS, 145 HUDSON STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10013

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A weekly newsletter covering vital trends in Latin America

Latinamerica Press

- human rights
- church movements
- grassroots organizations
- economic structures
- women's involvement
- ecology
- defense of native peoples

Airmailed to subscribers 48 times a year

Yearly subscription $40.00 for 48 issues.
Write check to LATINAMERICA PRESS.
Mail c/o Subscription Office,
Apartado 5594, Lima 100, Peru.
Sample copies on request; ask about
NOTICIAS ALIADAS in Spanish.

NEWS • DOCUMENTATION • ANALYSIS

COMING NOVEMBER 20

SPECIAL FALL BOOKS ISSUE

This issue, surveying publishers' fall fare, goes on sale November 13.

Reservations and copy for advertising must be received by November 3, addressed to Carole Kraemer, Advertising Manager, THE NATION, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. Or call (212) 242-8400.

the directorial maxim "If you know how to shoot mountains, then you know how to shoot people." (Attributed to Lubitsch, the line was read by Godard in his short, *Letter to Freddy Buache*—rather clotted, dispirited, stop-motion footage of the environs and people of Lausanne, Switzerland, finally snapping together with the Lubitsch quote.)

Werner Herzog, whose *Fitzcarraldo* closed the Festival, seems to have forgotten how to shoot people *or* mountains. He's returned with glazed eyes to the location so memorable from his great *Aguirre, The Wrath of God* (1973), which went down the Peruvian Amazon with conquistadors. *Aguirre* quivered with alertness—intimate with shifts in terrain and water, with rustling rodents, with whispers and insinuations and sidelong stares; Klaus Kinski paced himself so secretively that by the time you noticed him, he had already seized power. Herzog's other movies, too, were all vibes. *Fitzcarraldo* has Kinski, directed fortissimo from the word go, as a wild-and-crazy Irish entrepreneur obsessed with bringing opera to the jungle and moving a steamship across a hill. This movie isn't alert to anything except Herzog's self-congratulatory bravado, using Claudia Cardinale as an innocent mouthpiece: "It's only the dreamers who move mountains."

Herzog once said, in the course of eating his shoe as a publicity stunt for another filmmaker, that capitalist society turns everyone into "a clown." *Fitzcarraldo*'s heavy buffoonery seems a sad sacrifice of Herzog's past art to press that political point. □

Newsreel Novels

ARNOLD KLEIN

IN THE CITY OF FEAR. *By Ward Just. The Viking Press. 291 pp. $14.95.*

THE BOMBING OFFICER. *By Jerome Doolittle. E.P. Dutton. 236 pp. $12.95.*

JOYRIDE. *By Gordon Chaplin. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 200 pp. $14.95.*

On my first visit to Washington, D.C., as an impressionable young man, I fell victim to a curious optical phenomenon. After observing most of the Northeast Corridor through the green-tinted windows of the train, I put on my sunglasses as we pulled into town and *voilà*, the two tints combined to screen out all color, and the city appeared in black and white, as in a newsreel. I fully expected to be met at Union Station by Cordell Hull.

That was many years ago, but I have never been able to shake the feeling that Washington is a city without color and, for that matter, a city without any reality at all. Whenever I meet professional Washingtonians, bright young aides and the like, I am like Faust in the Witch's kitchen: I'm struck with wonder that these phantoms have acquired weight and depth, and that they dare to mix with real people as if they were real themselves. They have, of course, a different view of the matter. "You don't exist," I said recently to a Washington bureaucrat, interrupting his tedious story of some ministry or other, and was shocked to discover that he felt the same way about me—for America is no more real to Washington than Washington is to America.

Ward Just's new novel, *In the City of Fear*, offers a glimpse into what Washingtonians think about themselves, and I am glad to report that I'm right: They *don't* exist. Of course this impression may simply be the result of Just's middling competence as a novelist, but I'd rather think not: the book is very much an insider's account, packed with vacuous aphorisms such as might actually fall from thin, knowing lips well accustomed to the fawning of the Washington press corps. Furthermore one of the characters—a President of the United States—is based on a real (or rather "real") person, and no doubt some of the others, a Top Adviser and a Foreign Editor at a Great Washington Newspaper, are too. The most convincing aspect of Just's characters, however—the thing that gives them the real tang of truth—is that they take Washington so *seriously*: they even refer to the President's wife as the First Lady, capital letters and all. Unfortunately, Just has no clue as to how ridiculous such awed expressions sound to ears accustomed to genuine human speech; he takes the Capital even more

Arnold Klein is the president of the Cyril Tourneur Society.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seriously than his characters do, and his book will bore to distraction the reader who expects novels to have an appeal independent of their setting. Washington, after all, is simply not as interesting as Ward Just thinks it is.

The cast list of *In the City of Fear* is like something out of Beaumont and Fletcher—the titles are more important than the names. There's the President (here called, with what I pray is novelistic license, "the Man"), his Top Adviser, the Editor, a C.I.A. Man of Many Faces, a Congressman, a Power Broker, a Colonel and various Wives, Ladies and attendant Lords. The President, through his Top Adviser, wants the Colonel to head up a special C.I.A.-inspired operation in Vietnam (that typically Washingtonian incursion into the breathing world is in full swing during most of the novel). However, the Colonel went slightly nuts during a previous tour in Nam, and the Congressman has recourse to the Power Broker to quash an investigation into the Colonel's antics. This act is given added piquancy by the fact that the Colonel has been a lover of the Congressman's Wife for lo these many years.

This simple tale, told mainly in tortuous flashbacks during a 200-page dinner party (better think twice before accepting that next invitation), amounts to nearly the whole action of Ward Just's novel. Clearly it is a plot only a Washingtonian could love, so deeply imbued is it with the fraudulent mystique of the Nation's Cap. The rambling, thinky language in which each action and reaction is laboriously analyzed is another example of Washington self-love, and the aphorisms in which these analyses are presented, tortive and errant as they mostly are, are evidently the novel's principal reason for being. *In the City of Fear* is thus a peculiarly frustrating book, a Henry James-style snoozer where a Balzac thriller would be welcome.

Still, the aphorisms that fill the book are sometimes shrewd and to the point, especially when they touch on the unique vacuousness of the Federal mind. "In Washington we are all feds," says the C.I.A. fellow, "neither more nor less. Prejudice owing to creed, religion, or fortune, does not exist, perhaps because the federal culture is stronger than any other." Sounds good, though fortune is perhaps the wrong word here, since one of its meanings is "a store of wealth." Wrong words plague the book, however.

technologists...balladeers...preachers
mysteriosos...soothsayers...barbarians
experts...charlatans...artists...lovers
scholars...cosmologists...scoundrels

THE STRANGE BEDFELLOWS OF

PULPSMITH

the pocket magazine for readers who want to be enlivened while they're being enriched

save one buck: $7—4 issues
save three bucks: $13—8 issues

The X Smith • Publishers
5 Beekman Street
NYC 10038

MICHIGAN QUARTERLY REVIEW

Fall 1982

Noam Chomsky—What Directions for the Disarmament Movement?
Arthur J. Vander—The Delusion of Civil Defense.
Stephen Spender—The Obsession of Writers with the Act of Writing.
Leonard Woodcock—An interview spanning U.A.W. and China years.

Winter 1983

Rudolph Arnheim on Picasso's *Guernica* • Leo Braudy on the art-within-art conventions in *42nd Street* & *Persona* • Margot Norris on the James Joyce Centenary Conference in Dublin • Marjorie Perloff on Adrienne Rich & Paul Monette.

Spring 1983

The Bible and Its Traditions—A special issue of new essays on the Scriptures, as well as contemporary religious controversies.

☐ Begin my subscription with the Fall 1982 **MQR.** I enclose $13 (1 year).

☐ Please send only the Fall 1982 **MQR.** I enclose $3.50 + 50¢ postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ **Zip** _____

Michigan Quarterly Review, 3032 Rackham Building
University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI 48109

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is a string of maxims about the Editor that is typically ill-constructed: "It was not often that he possessed knowledge contemporaneously with the President of the United States, and at a point in the story before the climax. In Washington, knowledge was power but foreknowledge was superpower. It did not matter what it was, only that one had it. It was knowledge of weaknesses and strengths, mostly weaknesses. Weakness determined strength and was therefore the more important knowledge." This sounds weighty, if you abandon your mind to it. But what, really, is being said? Once you know something that the President knows (e.g., time of day) you always know it contemporaneously with him, unless, as is likely with our current Chief Exec., it has already passed out of his mind. Also, he doesn't mean contemporaneously; he means synchronously or simultaneously. Sound and sense are rarely seen together in Washington, I know, but in a Washington novel one hopes for more insight and less rhetoric. Really, Just should get out of town for a couple of decades.

Jerome Doolittle's *The Bombing Officer* is another book with Great Events in the background, but this time the events—the bombing war in Laos—have not mesmerized the novelist, who gives a coherently plotted, if somewhat plodding, account of a young American Foreign Service officer's slow descent into disillusionment. Doolittle labors to make the adventures of his hero, Fred Upson, a microcosm of the whole sad story of the American involvement in Laos. The wan Fred is transferred from Morocco to Vientiane to take up the duties of bombing officer, the State Department's overseer of the Air Force's efforts to . . . to . . . do whatever they were trying to do. The honest American falls in love with his gentle, spontaneous Laotian housekeeper, Somchan, even though neither speaks a word of the other's language, but O, their prelapsarian idyll is brought to a close by military and diplomatic brutality. Just as the harmless Laotian peasants are bombed, and the blameless Plaine des Jarres is pulverized, so the hapless (and, truth be told, rather colorless) lovers are ground down and destroyed.

There is nothing wrong with what may be called the novel's thesis—that the horrors of history are often generated by language, while love is essentially mute—and the irony of the fledgling diplomat's wordless seduction by the maid is resonant and fine. The novel's greatest success, in fact, comes from the subtle disjunction of the words "American" and "Lao"; in Doolittle's hands, phrases like "American Embassy" and "American Air Force" and even "New York Times" intruding on the peaceful daily life of Vientiane, do more than yards of political analysis to establish the doomed nature of the whole Laotian episode. This is a considerable novelistic achievement; unfortunately, it is the only novelistic achievement in the book. In a word (and words must be used in literature), *The Bombing Officer* is dreadfully written. Doolittle was a speech writer for Jimmy Carter, and his characters are about as animated as the Great Malaise himself. They also run to the clichéd: the drunken, disillusioned press officer is an Irish Catholic; the noble peasant in charge of relocation is sensitive enough to have studied archeology at Yale (the very acme, one supposes, of sensitivity); the intelligent political analyst is Jewish.

GAVILLE

The other was he because of whom you,
Gaville, weep . . .
Canto XXVI, Inferno

At evening the laundry
sags from each window
like a damp and colorful wing
while the happy old Communist
in the hospital corset
nails up a notice of
another picnic.

So many bees circling
in and out of the hives
and the grapes nodding
heavily on their gray green
vines; the bocce ball
rolling down the hill and
disappearing into the darkening
orchards. If all the evil

In the world fell into
this place; if the Cavalcantis
rode again on their
furious stallions and the newborns
were silenced in their beds;
or say the Germans marched back
and took the lids from all the pots

And shot every partridge and slept
in the oleanders; if the power plant
started its relentless blows,
what remained would begin
again. The children would still
take up jogging, the man
with the tumor on his neck
would still hold the stopwatch.

The bocce ball would roll
back when the snow melts and
the broken oleanders flame
into bloom. And each evening
would come in on the yellow air
like this one, like a lost bee
that never knew what smoke means:

How something burns always
once the hive has been destroyed.

Susan Stewart

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The prose of the book is as flat as the Plaine des Jarres itself, with an occasional crater of overwrought description. Here is Doolittle on the aftereffects of drinking: "His mouth still tasted foul after he finished brushing his teeth. He dug at his palate with his thumb, gouging loose a gummy, brown substance." Quite a hangover. Here is the political analyst on the Deputy Chief of Mission: "Years ago he put on a mask, with the intention of taking it off once he got where he was going. By now his face has almost grown into the mask, but not quite."

"Upson found the image repellent," Doolittle tells us. Perhaps. But he must have been the only person in Southeast Asia who had never heard it before.

"Weird tears are starting to run down my face." "They're looking at me so weirdly." "I know it's weird." "A light green dress that's so clingy it's weird." "I feel so weird." All these "weirds" are from just seven pages of Gordon Chaplin's *Joyride*, the story of two American adolescent nitwits and their nitwitted motorcycle journey through Cambodia and Thailand. They are just a few of the "weirds" to be found in the book, culled from seeming hundreds. Granted, the art of novel writing lies partly in capturing the distinctive vocabulary of the novel's characters. But there are limits to such verisimilitude, and they are roughly the limits of the reader's endurance. In this case, Chaplin's first-person, present-tense verbatim reporting of the nitwit mind becomes unendurable by page 9, when the young hero, responding to a narrow escape from a road accident, tells us, "I try to think about it." Writers about to use the present tense should try to think about this line before committing themselves to that ham-handed device.

Another favorite word of Chaplin's is "asshole," as in "why am I an asshole?" The, uh, use of this word as a vocative punctuates the book and is Chaplin's way of introducing the potential homosexuality of the two lads. Yes, he is that subtle a novelist. Chaplin boasts the credential of having worked in Southeast Asia for *Newsweek*, and his descriptions of Thailand and Cambodia have gotten at least one prepublication rave ("the feel of the place is almost palpable," said *Publisher's Weekly* in a solecism that should never be allowed to perish). But in fact Chaplin's tame evocations would raise no blue pencils at his former employer's. Here is the entry into Cambodia: "You could cook an egg by putting it in the middle of the road, it's so hot by the time we get to the border." I could but I won't; I like mine cooked on the sidewalk. □

Fixed and Unchangeable

DANIEL ZITIN

THE BURNING HOUSE: Short Stories. *By Ann Beattie. Random House. 256 pp. $12.95.*

Ann Beattie's stories have never been cheerful—the more upbeat moments tend to stand out. In "Dwarf House," an early story, the wedding of two dwarfs looks as if it might be the start of a happy marriage. In *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, Beattie's first novel, the hero's single-minded devotion to his former mistress is finally rewarded when she leaves her husband. While I was pleased by this ending, I never really believed it. It seemed a gratuitous gift from the author, not supported by the general tone of life in her world.

The Burning House, Beattie's third collection of stories, also offers the occasional hopeful note. In "Playback," the narrator, Jane, is visiting her close friend Holly ("People often mistake us for sisters") in Vermont. When a letter comes from Ash, who loves Holly, asking her to join him in Tennessee, Jane intercepts it and tears it up, partly because she thinks Ash is the wrong man for Holly but mostly out of envy—the man Jane loves has gone back to his wife. "Simple fortune cookie fact," Jane tells us. "Someone loved Holly more than anyone had ever loved me." Holly's good luck is confirmed a week later, when Ash himself arrives, "a huge torch of red gladiolas raised above his head." In spite of Jane's act, there seems to be hope for Holly.

Mostly, though, things are bad for Beattie's people. Of the sixteen stories in this volume, almost all feature dead or disintegrating relationships. In the title story, the narrator reports of her husband, "One night a week or so ago, I thought we were really attuned to each other, communicating by telepathic waves, and as I lay in bed about to speak I realized the vibrations really existed: they were him, snoring." Later she asks, "I want to know if you're staying or going." His cryptic answer concludes, "I'm looking down on all this from space. . . . I'm already gone."

Many other characters are similarly disconnected, or would like to be. In "Running Dreams," a man who is feeling worthless says to his lover, "Let me go and I'm going to be as unmovable as that balloon in the tree." In "Afloat," a woman recalls her husband holding a baby over his head and recognizes in the baby's pleasure her own knowledge that "desire can be more overwhelming than love—the desire, for one brief minute, simply to get off the earth."

There are other common images for the boredom, loss, passivity and hopelessness that pervade her characters' lives. Frequently the dog has died. In "Jacklighting" and "Winter: 1978," people have died and friends have gathered. The irony of these gatherings—and of most of the social occasions Beattie presents—is that what is engendered when people get together is not closeness or understanding or love but a profound sense of the opposite. In "Jacklighting," the friends who meet to celebrate the dead Nicholas's birthday come to realize that he alone had held the group together. "How were we going to feel ourselves again, without Nicholas?" the narrator asks.

This feeling of ineffectuality is shared by the heroine of "Learning to Fall." Here is how she handles her desire to break off with her lover, whom she has been meeting on Wednesday afternoons in Manhattan: She takes her good friend's 8-year-old son with her, does some errands, misses a train, telephones her lover, meets him for a cup of coffee but, of course, can't go home with him because of the child. You didn't need the child to protect you, I wanted to tell her, if you didn't want to see Ray, you didn't have to call him. But Beattie's heroines rarely take the straightforward approach.

There is no question that Beattie has her characters down pat. They talk exactly like who they are: the 1960s' wounded who have drifted into empty affluence, and we recognize them by their alienation and burned-out hopes. The structural weakness of her stories emphasizes her themes. There is little action; instead, a lot of information

Daniel Zitin is still in Italy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the past is given to us in a lump: "He was heading for Amanda's, in Greenwich, and, as usual, he felt a mixture of relief (she had married another man, but she had given him a key to the back door) and anxiety (Shelby, her husband, was polite to him but obviously did not like to see him often)." The truth is that Beattie is not really a storyteller. She is less interested in narrative, in the unfolding of events, than she is in states of being, moments, immobility. Perhaps that is why photography is a significant image in no fewer than nine of these stories.

A photograph appears to represent a section of the world. But a photograph is also flat, static, finished, dead; it can't change. Beattie's characters are similarly mired in the present (emphasized by her use of the present tense in most stories), with their photographs to remind them of a better past. "You know what fascinates me about photographs?" asks Nick in "Winter: 1978." "Did you ever notice the captions? Photographer gets a shot of a dwarf running out of a burning hotel and it's labeled 'New York: 1968.' Or there's a picture of two hump-backed girls on the back of a pony, and it says 'Central Park: 1966.' " All that life, and its meaning, reduced to a meaningless place and date. To see the world clearly is not to make sense of it.

"Sunshine and Shadow" is perhaps the clearest example of this "photographic" sense of structure. Jake and Laura go to the Pennsylvania woods on a winter weekend, some time after Jake's affair with Laura's best friend has ended. They discuss photography, specifically various ways of composing shots. "You print it exactly the way it was shot," says Laura. "Then there's no way you can cheat." While Laura sleeps, Jake remembers the past: his affair with Mary, how he compared her with Laura, moments in his life with Laura, events from his childhood and finally how he decided to stay with Laura, out of something he called love but which felt more like being trapped inside her knowledge of him. Jake's feeling of being stuck—"he was grounded, and had to move, but it was impossible"—is emphasized by the central situation of the story: a man in a room with a sleeping woman remembers a past in which the facts are clear but the meaning cannot be recovered.

Like the photographs the characters see as images of their stuck lives, the stories themselves often convey a vision of life as fixed and unchangeable. This may explain why a less typical story like "The Cinderella Waltz" suggests the possibility of a promising future, though the actual facts are characteristically bleak.

Milo has left his wife, the narrator, to live with a man. During Milo's brief appearances to take his daughter, Louise, for weekends, the unnamed wife has become friendly with Bradley, the lover. Milo decides to move to San Francisco, and Bradley, newly out of work, decides to follow him. The wife feels sorry for Bradley; she knows Milo needs to control others, and she worries about how this will affect both Bradley and Louise. The story ends with her imagining Louise and Milo at the Fairmont Hotel, "in a glass elevator, not long from now, going up and up, with the people below getting smaller and smaller, until they disappear." A sad image, but it is less depressing than similar images in other stories, partly because the wife is not passively dependent on Milo's love but also because the story's forward narrative movement and its characters' lack of fixation on the past suggest a world where things change and grow, perhaps even for the better.

With their alienated marriages, dead dogs and ritualized gatherings, these stories are bleak in both form and content. The bleakness is what marks them as Beattie's work, and doubtless it is their unity of theme and technique, the consistency and relentlessness of their sad vision, that gives them their strong claim on our attention. □

WORD GAME NO. 437

"Humiliation"

Ideal for adults or children, fine for a social evening or a long motor trip, this game will promote a feeling of malaise at any gathering.

The person who is "It" recites this couplet:

> "Turnips and sausages stuffed down my pants,
> I am a donkey and I come from France."

He then adds a variation on the following couplet, ending with the first letter of one of his most disconcerting attributes. For example:

> "How to embarrass me? Easy to see:
> Just name my quality starting with 'B.'"

Proceeding clockwise, the other players try to come up with that attribute. Baldness? Boring? Big feet? Belligerence? Beer-belly? Once the answer has been guessed, "It" must fess up and relate an incident about himself that displays the attribute at its most embarrassing. Then, the person to "It's" left takes over, and another round begins. The game ends when everyone is so ashamed they could just die.

RANDY COHEN

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

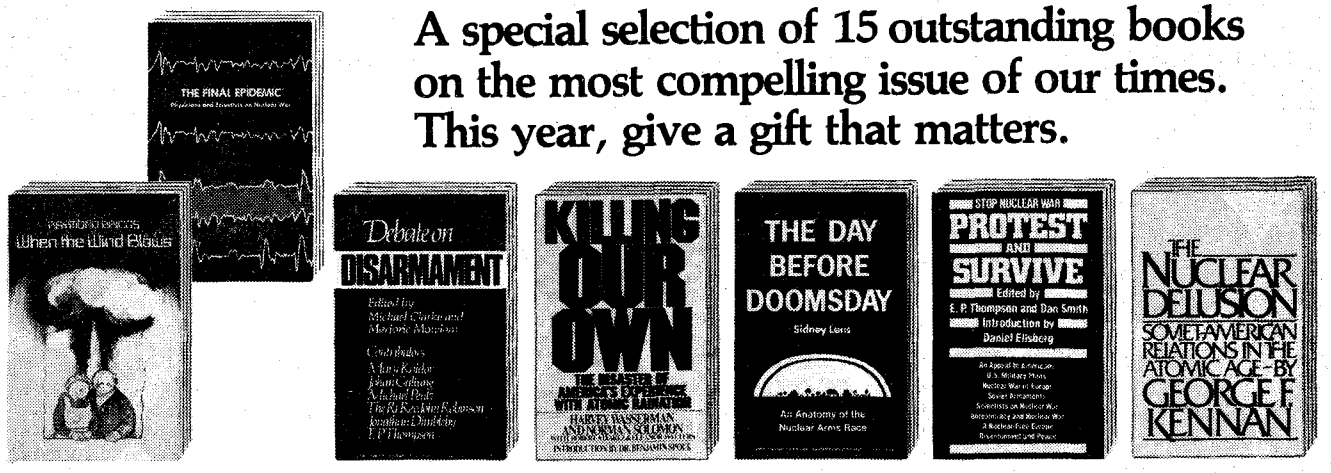
Cats

One's opinion of anything in the theater, apart from a revue, say, or a vaudeville program, shouldn't result from having kept a balance sheet, yet that was the way I found myself watching *Cats*. There was this quality or element I liked and that one I didn't; this virtue, that flaw. I laughed at times and was pleased, nodded in approbation, tapped my foot to some elegant and persuasive number. But at other times I shook my head, cast my eyes down, experienced prickles of irritation and occasionally something stronger. So be it. Checking my columns I decide that *Cats* gives more than it takes away, that it succeeds in being charming despite its self-imposed handicaps.

To be charming (rather than illuminating or imaginatively deep) is what's intended by Andrew Lloyd Webber, the composer who came up with the idea for the project, and Trevor Nunn, the director. I don't presume to know what T. S. Eliot wanted from his fine and witty *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, on which the play is based, but I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Arms Race



A special selection of 15 outstanding books on the most compelling issue of our times. This year, give a gift that matters.

THE FINAL EPIDEMIC

Ruth Adams and Susan Cullen. Educational Foundation for Nuclear Science (1981). $6.45 Paper. An anthology of essays focusing on effects of a nuclear attack. ANM1

DEBATE ON DISARMAMENT

Michael Clark and Marjorie Mowlam. Routledge & Kegan Paul (1982). $9.45 Paper. An anthology of thoughtful essays on the arms race, concerning NATO, media coverage, etc. ANM2

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Raymond Briggs. Schocken Books (1982). $10.95 Cloth. A compelling look at the effects of nuclear war upon an elderly British couple, in comic book form. ANM3

FAREWELL TO ARMS

W.H. Ferry. Fellowship of Reconciliation (1978). $2.50 Pamphlet. An unusually clear presentation of the case for unilateral disarmament. ANM4

THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY II

Tom Gervasi. Grove Press (1981). $12.45 Paper. A concise, well-written reference book covering U.S. arms exports, deployment, foreign policy, arms systems and more. ANM5

THE BAROQUE ARSENAL

Mary Kaldor. Hill and Wang (1981). $8.75 Paper. Concerning rearmament strategies that fail to take into account social, economic and military realities. ANM6

THE NUCLEAR DELUSION

George Kennan. Pantheon (1982). $15.45 Cloth. A collection of essays by elder statesman Kennan, spanning thirty years. In this invaluable contribution to current debates, he advocates an important new approach to detente. ANM7

DAY BEFORE DOOMSDAY

Sidney Lens. Beacon Press (1981). $8.00 Paper. Focuses on the prevailing myths used to justify the growth of America's nuclear stockpiles. ANM8

INDEFENSIBLE WEAPONS

Robert J. Lifton and Richard Falk. Basic Books (1982). $8.45 Paper. Presents and debunks the underlying premises—both psychological and political—of superpower nuclear strategies. ANM9

THINKING ABOUT THE NEXT WAR

Thomas Powers. Alfred A. Knopf (1982). $12.95 Cloth. A collection of eloquent essays that first appeared in *Commonweal* magazine. ANM10

THE FATE OF THE EARTH

Jonathan Schell. Avon Books (1982). $4.00 Paper. The classic work on the wide-range effects of nuclear war. ANM11

WITH ENOUGH SHOVELS

Robert Scheer. Random House (1982). $16.45 Cloth. Portrays the men who are behind the drift toward nuclear war. ANM12

BEYOND THE COLD WAR

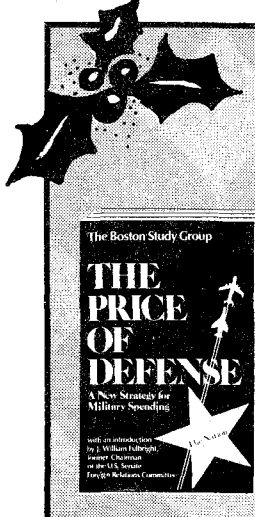
E.P. Thompson. Pantheon (1981). $7.45 Paper. Explores the ideologies behind the arms race and the cold war, and posits clear and forceful alternatives. ANM13

PROTEST & SURVIVE

E. P. Thompson and Dan Smith. Monthly Review Press (1981). $6.45 Paper. A seminal work on the clear and present danger of nuclear war; contains an appeal for a nuclear-free Europe. ANM14

KILLING OUR OWN

Harvey Wasserman and Norman Solomon. Delacorte/Delta (1982). $21.45 Cloth. Accounts from those who've suffered the effects of nuclear radiation, from Hiroshima to the present. ANM15



HOLIDAY BOOK BONUS

A FREE copy of the special Nation edition of **THE PRICE OF DEFENSE** (a $4.95 value.) with any order exceeding $30.

To Order. . .

Please be sure to include order number for each book. Include additional sheets if necessary. All prices include $1.50 for postage and handling. Foreign orders, U.S. equivalent funds only. Offer expires March 1983. Prepaid orders only.

Number	Quantity	Title	Paper	Cloth	Price

☐ YES! My order exceeds $30; please send me a FREE copy of *The Price of Defense*.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Subtotal $_____

New York State residents add 8¼% sales tax $_____

TOTAL $_____

Mail check or money order to: The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011

NB8239

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Events.

MEET JULES FEIFFER
Saturday, October 30, 2-4pm
Autographing his newest book
JULES FEIFFER'S AMERICA:
From Eisenhower to Reagan
GUILD BOOKS
2456 N. Lincoln Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
(312) 525-3667

DIRECT FROM CUBA
A DECADE OF CUBAN DOCUMENTARY FILM: 1972-1982
19 films, most never before shown in the US.
November 3-9
FILM FORUM 1
57 Watts Street (6th Avenue near Canal)
New York City
Sponsored by Young Filmakers/Video Arts
SERIES DISCOUNT AVAILABLE
For more information, call (212) 673-9361

PEN American Center presents:
WRITING & ACTIVISM: CONFLICTS/CONVERGENCE
Monday, October 25, 8pm
47 Fifth Avenue (between 11th & 12th Streets)
New York City
For information call: (212) 255-4009
Speakers:
LIDIA FALCON—Spanish feminist leader jailed under Franco; author, Letters to a Spanish Idiot.
MARGE PIERCY—poet; novelist, To Be of Use and Vida
BARBARA SMITH—editor, Home Girls: A Black Feminist Anthology.
LUISA VALENZUELA—Argentine novelist, Strange Things Happen Here.
Moderator: ELECTA ARENAL—playwright, translator and author, Untold Sisters.
PEN Freedom to Write Events are partially funded by grants from the Ford Foundation and Rockefeller Family & Associates.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE ECONOMY OF AMERICA?
Six Forums on Critical Issues
Wednesdays 7:30 pm
November 3 MASS UNEMPLOYMENT: CAUSAL FACTORS, CHANGES IN THE LABOR MARKET. Tony Mazzocchi, John David, D. Philip Sherwood, Professor Sumner Rosen.
November 10 WAGES AND WAGE DETERMINATION: THE PROBLEMS OF ACHIEVING A MORE EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRODUCTS OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMY. Julius Manson, I. Philip Sipser, Leonard Liebowitz.
November 17 PUBLIC EMPLOYMENT: WORK MOTIVATIONS, THE ROLE OF WORKERS, UNIONS, PUBLIC ATTITUDES AND GOVERNMENT POWERS. Bruce C. McIver, Alan Viani, Betty Lall, Jack Greenberg.
December 1 THE LABOR MOVEMENT: STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES OF UNIONS. Lillian Roberts, Howard Samuel, Norman Hill, Richard Ravitch, Gus Tyler.
December 8 WORKER ACQUISITION OF DISTRESSED BUSINESSES AND FACTORIES: POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE ASPECTS. THE INVESTMENT OF UNION PENSION FUNDS. Ramsey Clark, Ruth Messinger.
December 15 CITIZEN PARTICIPATION IN BASIC ECONOMIC PLANNING AND POLICY MAKING. Mark Green, Herman Benson, Michael Harrington, Carol O'Cleireacain.
THE MEETING HOUSE
New York Ethical Society
2 West 64th Street
New York City
admission is free
Sponsored by the New York Society for Ethical Culture.

suspect it wasn't a sentimental "story line" such as has been halfheartedly imposed here. Anyway, both Lloyd Webber (who wrote the music for *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Evita*) and Nunn (the artistic director of the Royal Shakespeare Company and co-creator of *Nicholas Nickleby*) are best when they stick closest to the original and worst when they stray too far into Broadway flash, glitter and pathos.

For a set that curves round into the mezzanine and rises high up toward the boxes, designer John Napier has created a junkyard crammed with all sorts of oversized debris: automobile tires, food cartons, empty liquor bottles, a broken tennis racket, records and a record player, shoes and boots, etc. Here the "cats" live. One's immediate impression is that the actors are having a hard time getting around the cluttered environment and are sometimes lost to us among the detail. But after a while we, and they, grow accustomed to the space.

The cat costumes they wear are varied, often funny and mostly successful. Even more impressive are those they put on when playing nonfeline characters—some scarifying cockroaches, for example, or a group of delicious crumple-faced Pekinese. The lighting is excessive, blinking bulbs strung all over the place and plenty of strobes, and the numerous special effects are clever and silly by turns.

Extending these inconsistencies, the dances (choreographed by Gillian Lynne) are for the most part routine jazz and *au courant* quasi-ballet movements, but they are performed with spectacular energy. The music by Lloyd Webber is generally uninspired, except for two or three numbers that rise into something vigorous and memorable. The songs that spring from Eliot's verses are good enough; the chief, obnoxious addition to Eliot is an *inspirational* ballad called "Memory" which is entirely out of keeping with the spirit of *Old Possum* and whose function is to advance and culminate the weak narrative—something designed, I suppose, to "pull the thing together."

It wasn't necessary. The "thing" is the poems, which constitute a narrative in themselves—a tale of the imagination, both childlike and sophisticated (it takes the greatest sophistication for an adult to see like a child), dwelling on a segment of the animal world and "humanizing" it without condescension and without loss of fertile strangeness. As long as these verses are sung, danced and "enacted" with trust in their intrinsic appeal, their capacity to give intellectual pleasure and auditory satisfaction, *Cats* is a superior work.

I reread Eliot's book before setting out for the theater and was once again delighted by those anthropomorphic stanzas in which various qualities of felineness are treated with a solemnity that's only partly mocking and in which certain heroic or notorious individual cats are invented and then memorialized. (The nearest thing to *Old Possum* in Eliot's work is to be found in some of the *Sweeney* poems.) My favorites include "The Song of the Jellicles," "Old Deuteronomy," "Mr. Mistoffelees" and "Macavity: The Mystery Cat," and I was happy to see that these were among the best items in the show.

The chief responsibility for both the liveliness of *Cats* and its dumb spots and excrescences would seem to lie with Trevor Nunn. Always a flamboyant director (his *Julius Caesar* at the Aldwych some years ago was a masterpiece of ill-conceived hurly-burly), he throws in everything he can think of here, including tricks and postures from *Nickleby* (actors sitting around looking on between their own scenes; objects being created on stage) in an effort, one imagines, to jazz up the show for its American audience. From all accounts, *Cats* was simpler and more modest in London. That it manages to survive its "improvements" here is testimony to some inner vitality. □

Author's Query

For an authorized biography of the American novelist James Jones, to be published by Houghton Mifflin, I should like to hear from anyone who has letters, reminiscences, anecdotes or other information about him.

Frank MacShane
404 Dodge
Columbia University
New York, N.Y. 10027

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation.*

For information write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

ASSOCIATIONS

AMERICAN-ISRAELI CIVIL LIBERTIES COALITION and its Israeli affiliate, Kol Koreh, invite inquiries about membership from persons interested in the extension of civil liberties in the State of Israel. A-ICLC, 124 West 79th Street, New York, NY 10024.

A MODERN, humanistic, rational religion whose time has come! Information: Ethical Society, Box N, 9001 Clayton Road, St. Louis, MO 63117.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: N, RD1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

BOOKS

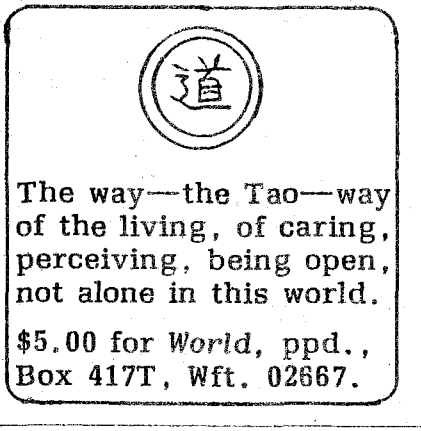
MINIATURE BOOKS OF JAPAN. Tatsuo Go, Moritakabatake 621, Toyama City, 931, Japan.

UNSAVED DEAD—Hope for them? FREE 80-page color book, others. Standard (N), Chester Springs, PA 19425.

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)
This unique guide to self-deliverance for the dying person available to Hemlock members. For details send SASE to
Hemlock: P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles
CA 90066 or phone (213) 391-1871

JERZY KOSINSKI: LITERARY ALARMCLOCK by Dr. Byron L. Sherwin, the first comprehensive study of Kosinski's life and work. $5.95. Cabala Press, 2421 W. Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645.

CREDIT, DIVORCE, PRIVACY PROBLEMS. Our books have the solutions. Send for free catalog. Eden Press, 11623 Slater, Box 8410NG, Fountain Vly, CA 92708.


道
The way—the Tao—way of the living, of caring, perceiving, being open, not alone in this world.
$5.00 for World, ppd., Box 417T, Wft. 02667.

SOLIDARITY UNDER SIEGE. Interviews, photos and an underground discussion of resistance in Poland. By Andrzej Tymowski. $3.50 postpaid: D. H. Back Press, Box 714, New Haven, CT 06510.

BOOKS/OUT-OF-PRINT

SCARCE AND FINE BOOKS on Oriental and Western art. $2 brings you current and subsequent catalogues. Brannan Books, Box 475G, Garberville, CA 95440.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EXPERIENCED FARMER/GARDENER will cultivate/revive your land. John Sughrue, 315 Liberty, Santa Cruz, CA 95060.

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS

"KENNEDY '84" Bumperstickers $1 each: The Committee for '84, 1666 Page St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

BUMPERSTICKERS/8½" x 11" placards. "MY FORBEARS DESCENDED FROM ISLAND TREES." "MONKEYS MAKE AVID PROCREATIONISTS." $2.50 apiece. Please specify. Publicum, Box 5, Roslyn, NY 11576.

"George Orwell for President 1984" bumperstickers. A provocative parable, quality graphics, purple and orange on white, durable vinyl. $2 ppd. PO Box 61, Selah, WA 98942.

EDUCATION

LATIN & GREEK. College professor offers tutoring to suit individual needs in the New York area. (201) 792-5355.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES a year while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, PO Box 1727, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

FILMS

NORTHERN LIGHTS, THE WAR AT HOME, LABOR'S TURNING POINT, THE CASE OF THE LEGLESS VETERAN. Ideal programs, organizing, class, funding. New Front Films, 1409 Willow, Minneapolis, MN 55403. (612) 872-0805.

FOR SALE

SILVER, OLD STERLING FLATWARE patterns. Many in stock. Will search for others. Send "wants" list and SASE to: J. E. Mettler, Box #11077, Govans, Baltimore, MD 21212. Phone: (301) 547-1013.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST CROSSWORD PUZZLES are collected in Frank Lewis' latest book, #4. Send $3.75 to E. S. Lewis, 62 Fort St., Fairhaven, MA 02719.

GUIDES TO WISDOM

THOUGHT: Miracle Tool for Effective Living. $2 and SASE. Cuts labor, time and pain. Commonsense Books, 212N North Road, Chelmsford, MA 01824.

HEALTH

SELF-HEALING: helping yourself and helping your physician help you. For descriptive literature, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: F. Levy, 105N Stacia Street, Los Gatos, CA 95030.

TOO OLD TO HAVE A BABY? Let's explore your feelings. Lynn Somerstein, trained psychotherapist, (212) 348-4165.

INSURANCE

DONALD SHAFFER
ASSOCIATES, INC.
ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021
212-895-7005, 516-466-4642

INVENTIONS

IDEAS, INVENTIONS WANTED for presentation to industry. 1-800-528-6050, Arizona, 1-800-352-0458, x831.

LITERARY SERVICES

FICTION CONSULTANT. 2227 20 St. N.W., 402 Washington, DC 20009.

AUTHORS—Advertise your manuscript's availability to 2,000 publishers/agents in "Writer's Showcase." Details-$1. Literary Service Bureau, PO Box 5391, Washington, DC 20912. (202) 723-1715.

PUBLISHERS detail poetry/fiction needs in information-packed publication. Free details. Markets, 4340 Coldfall Road, Box 1000N, Richmond, BC, V7C 1P8 Canada.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free, illustrated 40-page brochure N. Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001

MAIL LOANS

SIGNATURE LOANS to $15,000. No collateral. Send 2 stamps to: FIC, PO Box 4431-N, El Paso, TX 79914.

MERCHANDISE

VACUUM CLEANERS: "Discount Prices" "New" Rainbow $349.95, Kirby, Filter Queen, Compact, Details: ABC Vacuum Warehouse, 7021 Burnet-N, Austin, TX 78757.

CELTIC FOLK HARPS—Legendary sound, master quality. Caswell Harps, 14690 Carrier, Guerneville, CA 95446.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS by the millions. For illustrated brochure send $1 to: Movie Star News, Dept. N, PO Box 191, New York, NY 10276.

TRS-80 Computers and Radio Shack products at 15% discount. Charles Blackwell, Radio Shack dealer, 30 N. Congress, York, SC 29745. (803) 684-9980.

EVERYTHING'S VIDEOCASSETTES! Features, rockvideo, classic television, religious, sports: catalogue $3. Amateur, professional XXX-video: $2. (Sign "over 21") Alternative Video, 171 West Adams, Stockton, CA 95204.

MISCELLANEOUS

DISARM YOURSELF. Stamped envelope to New Party, 8319 Fulham Court, Richmond, VA 23227.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

MISCELLANEOUS

CULTURGRAMS: 4-page cultural summaries on over 70 cultures. For complimentary Culturgram and publications list, write BYU/CIAS, PO Box 61-G FOB, Provo, UT 84602 or call (801) 378-6528.

ARTISTS/all fields: Grants/aid information. Private $ sources. Send SASE for brochure: WIAL, Box 9005N, Washington, DC 20003.

GET GOD OFF YOUR BACK: Send $1 for Information Packet to: American Atheists, PO Box 2117, Austin, TX 78768.

FINANCIAL PRIVACY: The only effective method. Clarkson's No Checks, $5. Patriot Network, PO Box 17001, Greenville, SC 29607.

FREE TAX-EXEMPTION REPORT. Pay no federal, state tax. IRS allowed. Write HHS, PO Box 143, Great Neck, NY 11022. Send $2, expenses.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Women's Interest Book Catalogue Free
Women's Weal
P.O. Box 264

Bestselling titles. Every category from Achievements to Women's Studies. Money-saving prices. Write to: Book Companions Lynden WA 98264

PERSONALS

UNATTACHED? Meet aware, literate singles—like YOU! Very low fee. Call DATELINE—free: 800-451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Write: Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081. Or call (215) 566-2132.

SCANDINAVIAN ladies, sincere, seek correspondence/friendship. Information: Scanna-N, PO Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

PENTAGON SECURITY RISK (Soviet, US communist relatives) seeks congenial community. PO Box 873, Oak Park, IL 60301.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

EDITOR NEEDED FOR MULTINATIONAL MONITOR, a monthly magazine founded by Ralph Nader that looks into the role of multinational corporations in the Third World and in the U.S. Journalism experience and knowledge of the field necessary. Low salary, rewarding work. Send resume to: PO Box 19405, Washington, DC 20036. Or phone: (202) 833-3932.

National Coordinator, **NUCLEAR WEAPONS FREEZE CAMPAIGN.** Responsible for overall supervision of national campaign. Requires commitment to Freeze Campaign; demonstrated ability to work with wide range of people; organizational, writing, speaking skills. Applicant must be willing to travel extensively, relocate to St. Louis as 2-year commitment. Salary $23,000 (negotiable) + benefits. Send resume, references, writing samples before November 8th to: Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign, National Clearinghouse, 4144 Lindell, Suite 404, St. Louis, MO 63108. Attention: National Coordinator Search.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR - WASHINGTON, D.C. Direct program activities, raise funds, coordinate meetings, build organizational ties for nationwide networking organization. Intelligence agency abuse, political rights, freedom of information. Experience fund-raising and directing program required. $17,000 annual, good benefits. Send resume and writing sample to: Campaign for Political Rights, 201 Massachusetts Avenue NE, Washington, DC 20002.

NATIONAL DISARMAMENT ORGANIZATION seeks financial manager for finance development, grant writing, public relations. Skilled in fund-raising, media, organizing preferred. $200-$250 per week + health insurance. Affirmative action. Send resume to: Mobilization for Survival, 853 Broadway, Room 2109, New York, NY 10003.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

READ THE GUARDIAN, America's #1 independent Marxist newsweekly. National, international coverage. Write for FREE introductory 4-week subscription. Guardian, Dept. NA, 33 W. 17th St., New York, NY 10011.

PUBLICATIONS

WORLD PRESS WATCH, weekly review of world news. $5 per 4 issues, $15 per 13 issues, $55 per year. Walter Brooks, PO Box 3025, Palm Beach, FL 33480.

GRAB ITT! Read IN THESE TIMES, the national, independent socialist newspaper. Each week brings unique features and fresh and responsible socialist analyses of critical issues. Congressperson John Conyers says we're "invaluable." Maggie Kuhn, National Convener of the Gray Panthers, recommends us—why don't YOU read us? $23.50 for one year/42 issues. In These Times, 1509 N. Milwaukee, SCNA, Chicago, IL 60622.

AT LAST! Media research on Central America. Clips, bib., excerpts from 200 U.S. newspapers, more. Send $5 for sample package. Center for Media Studies, PO Box 26A28, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

AMERICAN ATHEIST MAGAZINE- Journal of atheist news and thought. Madalyn Murray O'Hair, Editor. For a sample copy send $1 to: AA Press, PO Box 2117, Austin, TX 78768.

FREE SAMPLE of nonpartisan national political newsletter. Write: Washington Report, PO Box 10309, St. Petersburg, FL 33733.

NEW LITERARY MAGAZINE looking for long stories to publish-**PREFERABLY 8,000-20,000 WORDS.** The Long Story, 11 Kingston Street, North Andover, MA 01845.

QUERIES

AUTHOR'S QUERY

For a compendium of erroneous, untrue and just plain stupid statements by experts, we would appreciate hearing of any sources, anecdotes, documents, etc. about inexpert authorities in any field, in any age. Write Nation Box 80.

REAL ESTATE

BEAUTIFUL HAWAII—Vacation apartments. Free brochure: Paradise, 50 S. Beretania, C207, Honolulu, HI 96813. (808) 538-7145. Toll Free U.S. to HI (800) 367-5205.

BUYING COUNTRY PROPERTY? Save $$$, time, hassles with expert pre-investment guide. Money-back guarantee. $3 c/o Land, Box 803A, 250 West 77th Street, New York, NY 10024.

RECIPES

VEGETARIAN COOKERY. Enjoy delectable, healthy, meatless recipes. Creative originals, nostalgic favorites, cooking tips, $3.50. Recipes, PO Box 131A, Arcata, CA 95521.

RELIGION

JESUS FICTIONAL! POSITIVE PROOF Flavius Josephus created Jesus, authored Gospels. Scholarly booklet: $3.00—Vector, PO Box 6215-A, Bellevue, WA 98007.

TRAVEL

CARIBE PLAYA. Guardarraya Puerto Rico 00723. Superb private coco-beach, environment, snorkeling, tranquillity, hospitality. Studio Apts. $168 per person per week. Double occupancy.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.75 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Copy deadline 17 days prior to week of publication. Payment must accompany order.

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for two insertions of your ad, and we will print a third insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

READY TO TRAVEL? You can plan now with finest MAPS! Catalogue $1. EAGLE EYE, PO Box 751-A, Paonia, CO 81428.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

NONCONFORMIST BANDANNAS are great gifts, $3-$4 each. Humor, politics, art, family, angels, more. Catalogue: National Rutabaga Co., 20400-M Fifth West, Sonoma, CA 95476.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1934

O	P	E	R	A	■	P	A	P	E	R	D	O	L	L
C	■	L	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	B	■	A
T	R	E	A	S	U	R	E	R	■	P	O	L	Y	P
E	■	V	■	E	■	S	■	F	■	A	■	I	■	I
T	W	E	N	T	Y	O	N	E	■	R	I	G	I	D
S	■	N	■	S	■	N	■	C	■	I	■	A	■	A
■	■	■	■	■	P	A	S	T	M	A	S	T	E	R
S	■	H	■	E	■	N	■	S	■	N	■	E	■	Y
T	R	A	N	S	P	O	R	T	S	■	■	■	■	■
A	■	N	■	O	■	N	■	R	■	A	■	P	■	O
R	I	G	H	T	■	G	R	A	N	D	T	O	U	R
L	■	I	■	E	■	R	■	N	■	H	■	T	■	D
I	N	N	E	R	■	A	G	G	R	E	G	A	T	E
K	■	G	■	I	■	T	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	R
E	A	S	Y	C	H	A	I	R	■	E	T	H	O	S

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

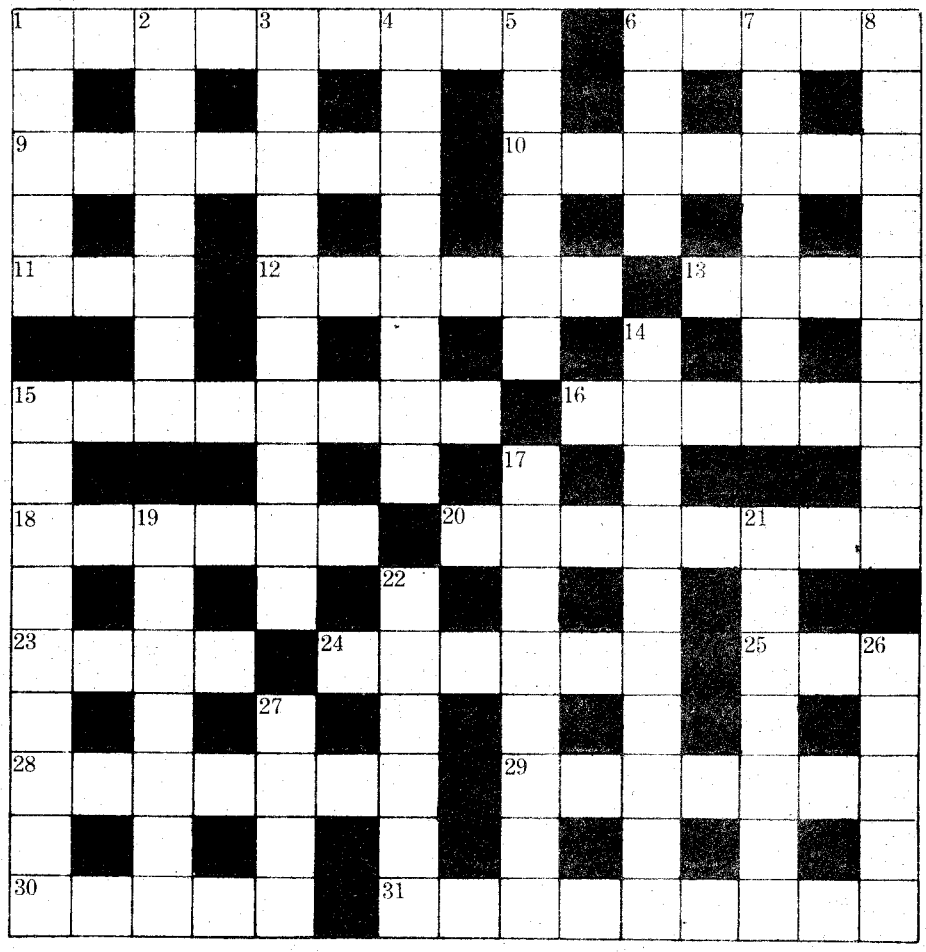
Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

LOCAL ONE UNION CALMATED LITHOGRAPHERS LABEL X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1935

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Players apart, it's one way to get rid of things. (4,5)
6 Tends to be innocent and quiet, according to Lovelace. (5)
9 Is nothing to a bad poet so elemental, in a way? (7)
10 and 13 Past one's prime—and on the way to the poorhouse? (4,3,4)
11 See 25
12 Acted in a lupine anti-porcine manner? (6)
13 See 10
15 If fixed, some 6 across are said to be so, but you'll never pass on such a line. (3-5)
16 Record for a sailor and soldier going to a gallery. (6)
18 Some said Abscam did with a couple of points on the retired portion. (6)
20 Show it isn't so! (8)
23 See 25
24 See 3 down
25, 11 and 23 A superlative description of Tom's tune that started with 10-13, in plural form. (3,3,4)
28 See 3 down
29 Perhaps found in the advertising section re-edited. (7)
30 Piquant (like catsup, commonly?)—fat and this, as they say. (5)
31 Two ways to be a traitor, if a soldier in Africa. (6,3)

DOWN

1 In part, Far East dishes. (5)
2 Change of speed on foot, possibly. (7)
3, 28 and 24 across Implies your daily bread (according to some) doesn't amount to much! (7,3,7,6)
4 For all practical purposes, how some film workers specialize. (2,6)
5 Unclose (archaic) in ancient (archaic) answer to what a couple might have done. (6)
6 Suitable sporting event, perhaps. (4)
7 You might find total absence of this on night's metamorphosis. (7)
8 Not the sport of rowing—you can bet on it! (5,4)
14 Author on top of a mountain—one who works with others. (10)
15 Folding lids—a phrase to turn, obviously. (5,4)
17 Are they sent out each month in Montana, or do entertainers look for them? (8)
19 They may contain (but not actually stop) tempests, as they say. (7)
21 Does an ambitious one hope to rise from bars to the stars? (7)
22 When bad, how a nursery-associated girl ended up. (6)
26 Some pins have to be made from trees. (5)
27 What a sailor calls a small coasting vessel? (4)

PUZZLED?
No more cross words; write for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's "ground rules" c/o *The Nation*. Learn why "little skipper" is a 'truant.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P.O. Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305

YES!!! Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $12.00, a savings of 60% off the newsstand price and 30% off the regular subscription price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!

☐ Please bill me later.

NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

D8239

SEND *THE NATION* TO A FRIEND! (And save $3.)

Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $12.00 for the first and $9.00 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

GIFT TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Enclosed is $ _____ for _____ subscription(s).
(Extend each subscription FOUR FREE ISSUES.)

☐ Bill me later.

Add $3.50 postage for subscriptions in Canada and Mexico, $6.50 for other foreign countries. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D8239

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED